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THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY ELSIE MAY.

Softly the sun-arrows quiver
Over the blossom-crowned hill,
Then into diamond beams shiver,
As they fall down on the river,
Fall on the lone, sluggish river,
Lying so calm and so still.

On the bright hill where the flowers
Gently and balmily wave,
Where in the rose-heart's deep bowers,
Fairies might dance through the hours—
There, all these radiant hours,
Sunshine is gilding a grave.

There a brave soldier is lying,
Closely shut in from the light;
Hears not the broom's soft sighing,
Knows not the bright day is dying,
In its rich beauty is dying,
Sinking away into night.

Nature, in soft, soothing measures,
Lulleth the day into sleep;
Sadly, as o'er its past pleasures,
Over its rare, golden treasures,
Over its lost, ruined treasures,
It had no choice but to weep.

Yet where that brave one is sleeping,
Music tones never can float;
Voices in mirth may be leaping,
Hearts may in sorrow be weeping,
Yet, o' their joy or their weeping,
He never heareth a note.

Rest thee, oh! noble departed,
Laurel wreaths 'circle thy brow,
And the dear ones death has parted,
Silent, as if broken-hearted,
Weary, alone, broken-hearted,
Mourn o'er thy long absence now.

Yet to their spirits is given
One hope, that o'er and hearts to guide—
Hope, that when life shall be riven,
They'll be united in Heaven,
Safe in the harbor of Heaven,
Far from time's turbulent tide.

THE LOVED AND THE LOST;

OR,

THE MUSIC HALL SINGER

AND THE

STROLLER'S APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED).

"Am I mad or dreaming?" he asked himself, "that the spirits of the past seem to rise from their graves and haunt me. Is that your child, woman?"

"Yes; it is my child," she answered, and then, as she looked up in his face, an idea seemed to strike her. she said passionately, "Heavens! what is this?"

The likeness was indeed strange between the handsome, swarthy man who stood beside her and the bright faced little boy, who, frightened by her vehemence, began to whimper, and her dark cheeks turned as pale as their bronze would let them as she looked from one to the other.

"Is he your child?" Horace repeated sharply. "Where did he come from?"

"It is mine!" the woman repeated. "Why do you ask? What is it to you?"

"Nothing, nothing; forgive me; a strange likeness. that is all. Tell me where you came from and who you are."

"My name is Maurice," the woman replied, "Annette Maurice. My husband is a strolling mountebank, though he wasn't always that. As to where I came from, I might say from all over the world and not be far wrong. America was the last place; we sailed from New York six weeks since."

"And the child with you?"

"Surely, sir," she answered in surprise, "where should he be but with his mother?"

"And where are you going?"

"To London, sir; my husband is there, making a poor living enough, but we can't bear to be parted. It I could get to Dublin I've friends there that would help me a bit."

"I will see that you get there; follow me up to the house yonder; you shall have rest and food at least, and one of the servants shall see you into the train."

"You are very good, sir; I thank you humbly."

She curtseyed low and stood watching him till he was out of sight. Then she clutched the boy convulsively to her bosom and turned away.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, "not there; far, far away, my benny boy, out of sight and hearing. *What* is it? Where does this fearful likeness come from? *My* child! Yes, all mine! Saved from death, and saved too by me—taking the place of—ah, come, my boy, come—he was good and kind, and the money he gave us will take us to Dublin, may be, but we must not go to *his* house, no, no."

Talking thus incoherently, she moved off in the direction of the station, with the boy, weary and quiet, now on her arm. She was seen by one of the servants from the Dingles, who happened to be passing, and who was able to report the fact when Horace O'Grady asked for the woman he had bidden to follow him.

"She was walking along the wood, and talking like a crasy woman," the man declared, and no more was heard about her.

The next morning, the day of days in pretty Honor's life, dawned bright and glowing over all the land, and all were early astir. The little church was crowded to see the young people who had grown upon the land made one, in the sight of heaven, and many a heart flew back to the distant time gone by, when Squire O'Grady was the dread of the country side, and the cheery, fatherly man, who stood there to give his child away with a blessing and a kiss, was his untutored servant lad.

Many a "God bless them" was spoken that day, for his lordship and Mr. O'Connor, a gray-haired man, now but the mover of all the good works the county had seen for years, who, with his handsome, matronly wife, who still had Fanny Dawson's beaming face, stood there to grace the ceremony.

And the day passed, and the breakfast was over, and friends crowded round the bride and bridegroom, and took leave, and the young people started on the great journey of life alone, together. And while all this was going on at Lord Scatterbrain's house, Annette Maurice was speeding away on her journey Englandward.

She had told the truth about herself; she had friends in Dublin, who helped her with her passage and fare to London, and she was the wife of a strolling mountebank. That a portion was only true to a certain extent. James Maurice had only been a stroller since evil fortune had landed him penniless in Ireland.

He had lost clothes, properties, everything he possessed, by the foundering of a boat, which was bringing his goods ashore, and after a week or two's vagabondising had managed to get a situation in London.

With only money enough to cross the water, he made his way to it, leaving his wife to follow; she was no nervous, feeble woman, frightened at her own shadow, and she pushed boldly on till within a short distance of Dublin; her money being exhausted, she begged, as we have seen, of Horace O'Grady.

Her friends in Dublin were old employers of her husband's, to whom he had written in her behalf, and through them she got a free passage to Holyhead, and nearly enough money to take her to London. How she managed her journey matters little to our story; she did manage it, and four days after her interview with Horace O'Grady she stood weary and worn, but happy and hopeful, at the stage door of one of the east end theatres.

"Well!" interrogated a dirty bookkeeper, as she showed herself, "what is it?"

"Mr. Maurice's address, if you please."

"Mr. Maurice, who's he?"

"The *ballet* director, the new gentleman."

"Oh, him."

The tone was contemptuous in the extreme, as was the look that accompanied it.

"What's he to you?"

"I am his wife; where does he live; that is, supposing I can't see him?"

"Oh, you can't see him now. Here, William, where does that new fellow live?"

"Over at Mother Smith's, four pair back, and be careful how you ring the bell, fear of taking off the polish of the handle," retorted a dirty lad, who finished his speech with a whoop and went off to inform his fellow supers that "Herr Maurice's wife was come, and she looked like a bone dealer's rag doll, just."

Meantime, Herr Maurice's wife had found out his poor lodgings and established herself therein. Very humble and mean they were, but they were home; they were redolent of his presence, the only being on earth who loved or cared for her, and she wept for very joy that she had found a home at last. She undressed the child and laid him on the humble bed, and then sat down to wait her husband's return. Despite his poverty stricken plight, he was a very clever man, this Herr Maurice, recently installed as *ballet* master in the Royal Octagon Theatre, and once in London there was little fear of his getting on. His wife started up with a little scream of joyful surprise when she saw him come in; he looked pale and careworn, but he was neatly attired in a whole suit of clothes.

"My darling! my darling!" he exclaimed, catching her in his arms. "What a joyful surprise! I hardly looked for you for two days yet."

"I got help beyond my expectations in Dublin," she said, "and somewhere else besides; I'll tell you all about it by-and-bye. How smart you are, Jim."

"Yes, dear, I wasn't decent enough for the place till I got myself rigged out. We'll have these shabby things off you to-morrow, if I live."

"Yes, the Herr's wife must not disgrace him," she said, with a sad smile. "You don't say a word about the boy, dear."

"Ah, the boy; how is he? All right, I suppose."

"How coldly you speak! All right! Look at him, the darling. Isn't he lovely?"

"Well, he is beautiful, and he'll be clever, too, which is more to the purpose. I'm glad we've got him here safe."

"I had a terrible fright in Ireland."

"How?"

"Just before I got to Dublin I and my money were both exhausted and I begged—think of that, Jim—begged from a gentleman I met in the road for help to get on."

"My poor child!"

"I looked in his face, dear, and I thought my heart would stop beating and I should die, for he was as like the boy as one face can be like another, all but the eyes; they were hers, you know. He gave me money, and bade me go to his house; but I didn't, I went on my way for fear."

"What was his name?"

"I heard it afterwards—Horace O'Grady."

"Heavens!"

"It was. Was I not right to get away from that place?"

"But there must have been a mistake, my darling; that man was drowned in the Erin."

"No, dear, he is alive, and he was as much struck by the likeness as I was, and questioned me, asking me if the boy was mine; only think, my own darling baby; but he learned nothing from me. Oh, Jim, I'm terribly afraid."

"Afraid of what, dear?"

"That our sin will find us out, as the Bible says, that's all."

CHAPTER XI.

GONE AGAIN.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gangaft agley,
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy."
BURNS.

"Ah, you think too much about it," Jim Maurice replied. "I don't think there was any sin in the matter; he's a bonny boy, and he's better with us than in a New York work-house, isn't he?"

"I've fancied not a dozen times within the last few days," she said, sadly. "We're starved, Jim, the boy and I."

"And it's made you weak and down-hearted, my girl—you'll feel differently to-morrow; please Heaven, our hard life's over now."

"I don't feel as if I could say please Heaven to anything—I feel——"

"Too tired for anything but supper and bed, I can see; come along, darling, and try and eat, and I shall see a new look on your pretty face before long."

He was right—rest and food were the main things she needed, and in half an hour she was smiling and talking brightly of the future to her husband, with the boy between them. Child like, he had waked up to share the meal and was prattling alternately to "mamma" and "dada" and driving away the care, whatever it was, that was oppressing her and forcing her to smile back at his baby fun.

"I'll make a star of him yet," said his father, pulling the sturdy little limbs now this way and now that, in a fashion to make a tender mother wince and shrink. "He has plenty of pluck, and he's strong and hearty, too."

"I think he would make something better than a dancer or an acrobat, dear," Annette said. "Look at his intelligent face."

"He's none the worse for being handsome. Women like to look at a good looking fellow in skin tights. I'd teach him my profession first and let him learn what he likes after. I do believe you half despise me, Annette, because I can't patter like fine actors, but I'll tell you what it is, my girl, for one actor that get's a good living now-a-days there are a dozen acrobats and gymnasts who make fortunes. I'll stick to the tumbling, wife."

For answer Annette put her arms round her husband's neck and gave him kiss after kiss, till the little one set up a jealous clamor of "Me, too, mamma," and had to be caressed in his turn.

"Despise you, Jem!" she said, and her voice was full of wifely love and pride. "Despise my own husband, whose every care and thought is to make me happy! Ah, don't talk like that, dear; you know it isn't true!"

"I know I'm only a rough chap, darling, only fit to tumble in public-houses and pick up a living by the roadside, while you——"

"I'm only a poor showman's daughter, dear; that ever I had any education was chance work. I've never been better off or happier than since you made me your wife, and I never wish a better fate."

Perhaps in all London there was not a happier couple than Jem Maurice and his wife that night—happy in their altered fortunes and in their mutual love. No matter that their home was humble and their supper frugal, they were together, with employment for the present, and youth, health and hope for the future.

The very next day the teaching of the little boy commenced, Le Petit Angelo his father dubbed him, and, in a very few hours, it was plain to be seen that, baby though he was, he had all the natural qualifications for the profession to which he was destined. He was strong, lithe and fearless, and ere many days had passed Jem would proudly boast that "he could do anything with that young 'un."

And months passed on and presently the tiny acrobat made a feature in the Christmas pantomime at the theatre, and crowds went nightly to see the fearless little fellow, who, as a chubby Cupid, came out of flowers and down moonbeams and made havoc with the hearts of gauzy fairies. His earnings made no inconsiderable addition to the weekly income of the *ballet* master, who was rejoiced at the success of his teaching, and spared neither pains nor expense to keep the little one healthy and happy.

Unlike most children who figure in theatrical spectacles and become old and worn before their time with late hours and gaslight work, his hard life seemed to make no impression on him—he looked as hearty and as rosy as a country bred child. Offers for him began to pour in from provincial theatres, but James Maurice very wisely refused them all.

"Time enough yet," he said, "for all that; Le Petit Angelo should make a London reputation before he went into the country."

But, alas for human speculation! the theatre shared the fate of many another during the winter season and was burned to the ground one night after the performance.

The London theatres were, most of them, closing at the time, and to take a country engagement was the only thing left to do. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice were obliged to accept a very inferior one, but they were much better off than when they arrived in London and they did not grumble. Many of the company had no where to go and nothing to fall back upon, with the slack season before them.

The very night that the theatre was burnt, Lord Scatterbrain and Horace O'Grady sat in the boxes. Though an east end theatre, the perfection with which the pantomime was produced attracted almost every one to see it, and the two had sauntered in to while away an hour.

When the pretty little child shot out from the middle of a large lily and stood poising his gilded bow upon the brilliantly lighted stage, Lord Scatterbrain started and exclaimed:—

"Good heaven, Ratty, do you see that child?"

"Yes," Ratty replied, "it's the child I saw the day before I was married—I am sure it is."

"Why, he is your living image."

"I know it—I see it, my lord; I must hear more about that boy. I am sure the story the woman told me was not true."

"Why, you don't imagine that——"

"I hardly know what I think—what I feel about it, but I must have that child's true history."

"I expect it is simple enough, my boy. *Le petit*—what is it? oh, Angelo, will turn out to be the son of the extremely commonplace looking gentleman who seems to be the prime director of his actions. The likeness is extraordinary; the brat has not only your face but your gestures—look there, the very turn of your head, all but the eyes."

"They are Nora's eyes," Horace murmured, but in too low a tone to reach his companion's ears, "her loving, wistful eyes," and a cold chill came over him as he thought what would be the consequences if there had been any mistake in the terrible tragedy which had so blighted his life. After the performance the two gentlemen went round to the stage door only to find that "Herr Maurice" and his little boy had gone home.

Horace would have followed them, late as it was, but his lordship laughed at the idea.

"Let the little beggar get his supper and go to bed," he said, "the theatre won't run away, nor will the boy and his father—to-morrow will be time enough."

But ere they had gone half a mile they retraced their steps at loud cries of "Fire!" and were eye-witnesses to the destruction of one of the handsomest and best appointed theatres in London, albeit its patrons were of the lower orders and the whole night's entertainment could be seen from the commodious gallery for threepence.

They lingered long enough to learn that no one had been hurt and to say a few hurried words to the half distracted manager about the possibility of getting up a subscription for his employees, and then hurried home, fearful lest Honor, who was in London with her husband, should think them late. She was remarkably interested in all they had to tell her and insisted that Horace should make inquiries about the boy the very next day.

"It might be possible," she declared, "that the child had been saved, though his mother was killed—such things did happen some times," and he promised to go.

But "Man proposes and God disposes" says the proverb; the next day pretty Honor met with an accident, not necessarily very serious in itself, but serious to her as the mother expectant of an heir to the titles and estates of my Lord Scatterbrain.

She slipped down stairs and sprained her ankle somewhat severely, and for a fortnight her husband could think of nothing but her. His father-in-law more than once remembered the dark little face, with its flashing eyes, and wondered if there were more than coincidence in the startling likeness, but he was worldly wise and reasoned with himself whether it would not be better to let the matter drop.

The poor little waif, he argued, had no place in the world, even if Horace's strange notion were a true one. Gustavus O'Grady had an heir, delicate, it is true, but likely enough to live, and it was probable that Horace and Honor would have a family of their own to bring up. Better he should be forgotten. But Horace had not forgotten, and when his wife was once more able to come into the drawing room and all risk of any serious consequences was averted, he once more spoke of the little acrobat.

"I shall go and seek those people to-morrow, Honor dear," he said one evening; "I must know the truth about that boy."

"I wish I could come with you," she replied, putting up her pretty mouth to be kissed.

"Horace, darling."

"Well, my love."

"If it is as you fancy, as you hope—for I see it is your fancy—you'll give him to me to love and care for, won't you? I'd be all a mother to him if I could."

"My dear Honor, you are taking a flying leap into the future," her father said, with a laugh. "The gentleman he belongs to at present may be able to prove his paternity. Besides, you'll have nursery affairs of your own on hand."

Honor laughed and blushed, but Horace whispered:—

"If it is not fancy, dearest—if my Nora's child, by any miracle, still lives—you shall have him, be sure."

Down to the ruins of the once pretty theatre Horace and his father-in-law drove early the next day, much to the disgust of his lordship's coachman, who, far more aristocratic than his master, turned up his nose at visiting such a locality.

The address of the woman with whom the Maurices lived was easily found, but the birds had flown.

"Gone!" exclaimed Horace in disappointment, when the woman made the announcement, "where?"

"To France, sir."

"France?"

"Yes."

"Do you know anything more about them?"

"No."

This was unpromising, but a liberal donation unlocked her tongue.

"They are gone to France," she said, "to the curky something or other. I don't know what nor which. They were to have gone to Birmingham, but they got a fright and broke the engagement."

"A fright?"

"Yes, leastways Mrs. Maurice did."

"How?"

"Well, sir, I can't tell exactly; there was something always mysterious about herself and that child."

"Do you think it was her own?" Horace asked, earnestly

"I never knew any other, sir," the woman answered in surprise; "no one could be fonder of it; but she always seemed frightened to let it out of her sight, and the very day before they were going to Birmingham she took it out with her to get it some things; they'd saved a bit of money, and they'd things nicish about them."

"Yes, yes," said Horace, impatiently; "go on."

"Well, sir, in about an hour she come tearing back in a cab, as white as a sheet, and rushed up stairs, with the child clutched to her like a mad woman. I was in the room promiscuous like and I heard all she said, 'Jim,' says she, 'we must go out of this country, I've met him!' 'Who,' says he. 'Him,' says she, 'the man I met in Ireland. We can't go too far away.' Then he asked her where, and she said in Covent Garden Market; she'd taken the boy there to show him the flowers."

"Stop," said Horace; "what day was this and what time?"

"Last Wednesday week, sir," she replied in astonishment, and about the middle of the day; it was be-

MLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON, The Swedish Songstress.

For Biographical Sketch see this Page.

Mrs. Smith must have wondered very much what the gentleman was to her late lodger, for his face blanched to the very lips as he turned to his companion.

"There is something in it, my Lord," he said, "I was in Covent Garden Market that day, for flowers for Honor, and that woman saw me."

CHAPTER XII.

MISS FOSTER.

"The delicate chain
O' thoughts once tangled never clear again;
Warm, living, soft as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turned astray.
A wandering back upon whose pathway shone
All stars of Heaven except the guiding one."
MOORE

Bright summer came round again, and brought a little daughter to Horace and Honor, settled now in their pleasant Irish home. If the happy young father regretted for a brief time that she was not to inherit the titles and estates, the feeling was lost in thankfulness that Honor was safe and the child healthy. Both households rejoiced in her advent and united in making a pet and idol of the second Honor, whose baby face was a reflex of her mother's fair beauty. Horace was rather glad of this; he had somehow dreaded to see a dark skinned baby who would have reminded him of the days spent with his Nora and the brown haired child so like himself, who he had fancied might be still in life. All trace of the little boy twice so strangely seen was lost; no inquiries of any avail. James Maurice and his wife seemed to have completely vanished, and as time went on Horace thought less and less about him, till after a time the recollection of the child grew dim and faint, and he began to look upon the likeness as a coincidence only. Honor's baby grew and thrived, and the little heir at the Dingles was a beautiful boy though small, and Lord Scatterbrain used laughingly to prognostic that the estates would be united some day in the persons of the two infants.

When the little Honor was about a year old, Gustavus O'Grady went to America; some business concerning property made it necessary that some one should go, and, liking the idea of the trip, he went himself. He made a tour to some of the principal places of interest in the Northern States, staying some little time in New York. On his return, strolling into one of the miscellaneous places of amusement, half tavern, half concert hall, which are common in all large cities, his eye fell upon a man amongst the audience whose face seemed familiar to him.

When or where he had seen it before he could not tell; the eyes were dark and piercing, and the nose slightly hooked; the whole of the lower part was covered by a large beard, which effectually concealed the mouth and chin. The hair was rough and ragged, and a broken hat was set with a jaunty air on the side of the head. The man wore an old dress suit of superfine cloth, which had once been black, but which was now worn into an undistinguishable medley of green and brown; his shirt front, though fine, was ragged and held together by cheap gilt studs, and his boots, once fashionable in make and quality, were patched and worn. His hands were long and thin, and his coat sleeves were carefully pulled down to conceal the result of a dilapidation of his wristbands. His face looked haggard and dissipated, and his eyes watery, and the hand that raised his glass to his lips now and then shook as if with ague.

Gustavus O'Grady looked at him intently for a minute or two in bewilderment, and then in a sudden burst of recollection exclaimed:—

"It is! I am sure of it! Tristrailie!"

The man turned his head, but more, as it seemed, at the sound of the exclamation than any recognition of the speaker, and O'Grady again pronounced the name, "Tristrailie," rising and going forward as he did so.

"Did you speak to me?" the man asked, while several of the spectators lifted their heads and looked at the speakers in surprise.

"Yes, Captain Tristrailie, I did," he replied, "and shall be glad of some further conversation with you on my brother's account."

"Some mistake, sir," the other said flippantly, "that is not my name, and I have not the honor of either your acquaintance or your brother's, whoever he may be."

"My brother is Horace O'Grady, who knows you only too well; you have a large account to settle with him when he learns where you are; you cannot deny your identity, even under this disguise."

"Disguise!" laughed the shabby man, raising his glass to his lips with a hand that shook more than ever; "I wish that my seedy garments were only a disguise, and that some beautiful fairy godmother was waiting to cast them off for me. I'm down on my luck, as any one may see, but I don't know that the fact gives any one a right to insult me. I tell you you have blundered; I am not the person you mention."

Several voices here intimated their desire that the gentleman should go and converse elsewhere, and the person accosted as Tristrailie went on.

"My name is Howard, Harry Howard, at your service, as any of the *habitues* of this place can testify; there is my card, and if you want nothing more of me let me alone."

And with this ungracious speech he flung down upon the table an exceedingly limp and not very clean card, whereon was inscribed, in fantastic character, "Mr. Harry Howard," but no address. Satisfied, but not convinced, Augustus beckoned to a waiter and ordered some refreshment.

"Who is that—gentleman?" he asked, indicating the person he meant with a slight gesture.

"Cove in the drab coat, sir?"

"No, the person next him."

"Oh, *him!*"

The tone, like Burleigh's nod, spoke volumes.

"That's Mr. Howard, sir, a cent with no gentleman about; plays billiards and cards for a living (and he don't play to lose), and then drinks it all up of an evening. When he's very drunk he goes on about better days and all that, but we don't believe him much."

"Then his name really is Howard?"

"For all we know, sir; he let off one day that he had been a soldier, but what sort of a one nobody knows; he has never spoken of it since."

"The man I took him for was a captain."

"Then, sir, it cannot be Howard; he's hung about this place this two years and more, and always the same seedy fish you see him now."

"Then I suppose I *am* mistaken, though I could not have believed it; why, who is that? I seem to see nothing but familiar faces to-night."

A burst of applause burst forth as he spoke to greet a slight girl, who stepped upon the stage to sing some national song. She was dressed in quaintly arranged classical costume, with a gilt waistband and bracelets, and tiara of brilliant paste. In her hand she carried a huge banner of stars and stripes, which she managed with infinite grace and skill.

She was not very tall, but her figure was exquisite, and her hands and feet beautifully moulded; her eyes were deep blue, with infinite tenderness in their lustrous depths, and the hair, which fell almost to her waist, glistened in the gaslight like gold. She was inexpressibly lovely, yet there was something wanting in her face—something incongruous, between the golden curls and the darkly penciled eyebrows and lashes, which veiled the passionate eyes.

Passionate was the word to apply to them, but the passion seemed to be despair; there was a wild appealing look in them that told of grievous sorrow and oppressive care. With all the wildness of her look it was strangely familiar to Gustavus O'Grady; the blue eyes seemed to speak to him of his old life in Ireland and the cottages on his father's estate, and the homely peasant ways of the people around them seemed to rise before him as he looked at her witching face.

Where had he seen this weird looking woman before? Ere his mind could frame an answer to the question she sang again; her rich, thrilling voice called up hosts of mingled memories of home and friends far away.

It was an American song, all about stars and stripes and men who die to defend their flag, but there was a ring of Irish accent in its tones and a touch of the brogue amidst the refinement with which she warbled.

"Who is she?" he asked the waiter.

"Miss Foster, sir; she's beginning to make quite a name with her singing; there's a dash about her that the people like."

"Been here long?"

"Well, no, sir, about six months; our governor brought her out; found her singing in the street, he did."

"In the street, that girl!"

"Yes; you see she's not quite" (touching his forehead with a significant gesture), not all there you know, but she sings splendidly. She'd been in a lunatic asylum, went mad through losing her child—at least that was the story we had with her here."

"Her child! I thought you said Miss Foster," said Augustus in ignorance of theatrical ways and multiplication of names.

"Law, sir, no one takes a married name in the profession. I don't know whether she's Miss or Mrs., for my part; the governor and his wife keep all they know about her uncommon close, but they treat her very well, poor thing, as well they may, for she draws, as you see."

It appeared so, for, before and during her song, the hall gradually filled up, mostly with young men, and audible remarks were freely made about her.

She took no heed of them, returning without any emotion or hesitation when enthusiastically recalled, and singing in the same superb tones, but with *soupcon* of wildness which gave such a curious eccentricity to her manner. The man who was spoken of as Howard gazed at her long and earnestly, rinkling his forehead into puzzled lines and seemingly pondering deeply.

The singer went on till, in gracious appropriate to the song, she struck aside the golden hair that hung in such feathery curls about her forehead. The action, though slight, was a speaking one to him, and, starting up, with a smothered exclamation he hastily left the hall.

"Dolt! idiot that I have been! he muttered as he went, "have I seen her every night almost for six months and not known her? I know her now, and, knowing what I do about matters on the other side of the water, it shall go hard but Harry Howard can't hold up his head once more in the world."

He went round to the stage door with a polite request to see the manager, which was refused. "His wife, no, she was particularly engaged—Miss Foster—Miss Foster had come off the stage very faint and could see nobody."

"It is she then," he said to himself, his suspicions confirmed, "and I'll make a good night's work out of this yet."

Miss Foster was unwell; after her last song she had left the stage in a hurried, agitated manner and flung her arms round the neck of the manager's wife, who was waiting for her at the wing.

She was a fat, showily dressed woman, particular neither in her speech or her manners, but very kind to the poor stricken creature whose mind hung so tremblingly between sanity and madness.

"Who's been a troubling you, deary?" she said, caressing her, "have any of 'em been rude to you?"

"Oh, no, no," panted the girl, "but take me away, hide me! He is come!"

"He! Who?"

"The man you know of, the man who took my husband from me and drove me mad! mad! Take me away or I shall die!"

"Hush, dear, hush!" said the motherly soul, soothing her, "where is he?"

"There, down at the cross table, talking to the man in grey, he's going, he'll come round and seek me; what shall I do?"

"Come in, dear, no one shall come near where I am; there, there, don't faint, you've made a mistake, that's only Harry Howard, you've seen him often before, a seedy, spunging wretch."

But Miss Foster persisted that it was some one she knew before and finally became so faint and sick that the good lady was fain to ask her husband and bid him admit no one and get her off to her own room, where she remained all night in a state of pitiable agitation.

Mr. Howard was not the only person who enquired that night for Miss Foster. Gustavus O'Grady was so certain that the face of the singer was familiar to him, that he went round as the other had done to the stage door and handing his card, requested to see the fair singer.

The doorkeeper was very respectful, but firm in his refusal to admit the stranger.

"Miss Foster never sees strangers," was the answer he gave.

"Then if I could see the proprietor," Mr. O'Grady suggested.

"I'll see, sir," the man replied, "Miss Foster is not well and they are busy up stairs, but if it is anything very urgent."

"Well, I can hardly say that, I fancy I know the young lady, that is all."

The man went away and presently returned with the proprietor of the establishment, who was perfectly polite but could give no information.

Augustus could only say the lady reminded him strongly of a girl he had known in Ireland, but was assured that the resemblance was only accidental, that Miss Foster had been in America all her life. She was of weak intellect, he said, and required great care; if the gentleman would call in a day or two he should be most happy to introduce him to her.

But though he called several times he never was able to see the fair singer, who did not appear for some nights, and when Mr. Howard made a final attempt to get an interview with Miss Foster she was gone and the Elysium Hall knew her no more.

A young lady with hair of a much redder and darker shade, made her appearance at Boston, under the chaperonage of the fat manageress about the time of her disappearance, but neither Harry Howard nor Gustavus O'Grady were at all aware of that fact.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ODD STORY.

"Where the lamps quiver,
So far on the river,
With many a light,
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night."—HOOD.

Gustavus O'Grady was by no means satisfied with the brief replies he received from the proprietors of the Elysium Hall about Miss Foster, but the girl was gone, no one appeared to know where and his return home was necessary.

He went several times to the Hall, but never saw either the singer or the man called Howard again and all he could get out of the waiter was that Miss Foster had left suddenly.

It was none of his business to tell that she had gone under the chaperonage and protection of his mistress's husband, but neither Harry Howard nor Gustavus O'Grady were aware of that fact.

"Miss Foster never sees strangers," was the answer should be safely out of the way. So Mr. O'Grady went on board the good ship Monarch of the Wave unenlightened about the girl who had made such an impression on him, but often pondering on the odd coincidence of his fancying he had met two familiar faces on the same night.

"I could have sworn it was Tristrailie," he said to himself; "but how in the world did he come into that disreputable condition? He used to have the outside of a gentleman, at least."

He mentally resolved to make inquiries about the gentleman when he got back to England and learn whether he was still with the regiment.

"Not that it matters to me much," he mused. "But I should like to know; it would be retributive justice with a vengeance if he had sunk as low as that. As for the other one, some glamour must have been over my eyes; the thing's impossible, I've been misled by a resemblance. I'll not tell Ratty; it would only unsettle him and yet——Bah! I don't believe I ever saw poor Nora Keane half a dozen times in my life. What can have made me fancy such absurdities?"

But he was destined to hear more of the girl who had so startled him before the voyage was over. Going into the saloon one day he came upon the captain and two gentlemen talking. The *New York Unicorn* lay upon the table and something in its pages was the subject of their conversation.

"I tell you she'll make her mark, crazy or not," he heard one say. "She's got the style and what's more to the purpose, the voice and the sense to use it."

"But who is she?" asked the other. "Miss Foster; no one has ever heard of her."

"I fancy I know more about her than any one in the States," said the captain, quietly.

"You?"

"Yes, I; they pass her off for an American (where are their eyes, I wonder), but she isn't. She came over in this very ship two years ago."

"Went over with you?"

"Yes; she was my stewardess."

The gentleman looked astonished and mystified and broke out into noisy questioning, but the captain was summoned on deck and went away promising the rest of the story another time. Gustavus followed him in a little while and catching him disengaged, went up to him.

"Will you do me a favor, Captain Singleton?" he asked.

"Certainly, if I can."

"Oh, it is easy; before you tell the gentlemen below the story of that girl, Foster, will you tell it to me?"

"To you, Mr. O'Grady! Surely I will; do you know her?"

"I hope not! I trust in heaven, not! You wonder at me and well you may; but if I do know that woman; if the wild fancy that has taken possession of me be true, there's misery coming to some that I love, such as you can have no idea of; misery, that nothing in this world or the next can alter or undo."

Captain Singleton certainly thought that his usually calm and reserved passenger had gone suddenly mad, but he only said:—

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MLLE CHRISTINE NILSSON.

The new addition to the cluster of operatic luminaries who have of late shone with such effulgence is Mlle Christine Nilsson, whose portrait graces this page. She was born in Smoland, on the Danish frontier of Sweden, one of the cantons known as Wasland, and her earlier life was simply that of a humble peasant girl. That music and song were innate to the little Swede is evidenced from the fact that, at the early age of seven, she could manage a national ballad on a toy violin, and, when accompanied by her very pretty voice, her germinant talent in the direction of the divine art was remarked. But what could peasant parents do in the development of the musical taste of their affectionate little daughter? They had no friends to take the young songstress in hand, neither had they the means, if they even had had the discrimination to place her under a musical training. Hence Christine Nilsson grew up in her peasant life until thirteen summers had passed over her head; but she did not neglect her violin, neither was her voice unheard in her parents' humble cottage. Her love of Swedish ballad minstrelsy grew with her and many an hour was made glad by her joyous singing. But now a circumstance occurred which changed the destiny of Christine. A fair was being held in a neighboring village, and Christine, thinking this an opportunity not to be lost in providing herself and her home with a few more domestic comforts, determined to appear in public and try what her voice and violin would do towards the desired end. She took with her a younger brother, who, she thought, would be not only a companion to her, but who would also be useful in going round with his cap to collect the small coins her heart told her would flow in on the sound of her voice and accompaniment. The venture was a "decided success," and quite a little harvest was reaped from the enraptured holiday makers. An opposing contestant or rival was completely eclipsed, and his somersaults and contortions failed to gain for him the coveted appreciative audience. In his despair, he thought of a bright idea. He would himself engage the inexperienced little village girl and make a show of her. The offer was expeditiously made in the very tempting sum of twenty rickadaler a year—nearly one pound four and tenpence. Whether this magnificent salary would have been sufficiently dazzling to Christine to induce her to leave her home for a roving life we cannot say, for, at this moment, the lucky tide was on the flow. At the critical moment a benevolent landed proprietor, who had already been charmed by the strains of the young artist, came forward and blighted the plans of the tumbler. His generous offer could not be slighted. This was to send her to Gothenbourg, and there maintain her and give her a musical education at his own expense, and the gifted young peasant was soon on a stage coach on her way to Gothenbourg. Here she was placed under a lady who had herself been a great vocal artist in her time, as half pupil, half *protege*. After remaining here about a year her great patron, the landowner, removed her to St Ekholm and placed her under Franz Berwald, described as a profound theorist and a good practical musician. After about six months' hard study, Christine Nilsson, for the first time, sang before an educated audience, which comprised the royal family of Sweden. Her songs were merely national airs; but these she declaimed with such intensity of feeling, as well as perfection of phrasing, that she was recalled and laden with bouquets. This crucial test satisfactorily over, it was decided to send the young Welander to Paris; and in that gay capital she was fortunate enough to have the famous Wartel for her professor. Three years more and M. Carvalho, of the Lyrique, brought her out at his theatre. Her success was instantaneous and decided, both with the public and the critical press. Her most celebrated parts up to this time have been Violetta in "La Traviata," Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," and the Queen of the Night in "La Flute Enchantee." Not the least interesting trait about Christine Nilsson is her intense love of home and friends, for the first bundle of *billets de banque* which M. Carvalho handed her as the fruits of her talent and toil, was devoted to the comfort of her people in the far north. For the last few years prior to visiting England, Mlle. Nilsson has been one of the principal attractions of the Theatre Lyrique, of Paris, and latterly has almost divided the public favor with Madame Miolan Carvalho. The first appearance of Mlle. Christine Nilsson at her Majesty's Theatre, London, on June the 8th, attracted the most crowded audience of the season. All the subscribers were present and even royalty attended, her Majesty's box being occupied by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Mlle. Christine Nilsson is a singer of the light soprano school, with a voice extending far into the upper register. The quality is brilliant, sweet and sympathetic; not powerful, indeed, nor capable of creating the grandest effects; but perfectly charming and always satisfying. As a singer, Mlle. Nilsson must be ranked highly. In person, Mlle. Nilsson is of the true Northern type and not unlike the Princess Alexandra. She is about twenty-three years of age, and her light blue eyes, flaxen hair and winning smile make the public her friends even before she opens her mouth to sing. It is said that she has been engaged to appear in America in the fall of 1870.

AN ELEPHANT RACE.—We were great at races in Rangoon, and the ponies and horses which we turned out, to say nothing of the amateur jockeys in their Calcutta colors, would have been a credit to any station. One of our days wound up with an elephant race, for which twelve or sixteen of these animals were tried, each carrying two officers and a flag. Six hurdles were erected for their benefit, and a deep trench dug. The ponderous racers, having started, went pounding through the trench, nearly upsetting all the jockeys, who were not accustomed to such up and down hill work, and then trampling down every hurdle which in creeping their path, gravely presented themselves before the winning post, blinking their little eyes and flapping their big ears, with a solemn want of excitement which was killing. Only one, which was encumbered with a howdah, bolted off the course, and approached with a shambling gait so near to the first erection which we called a "grand stand," that the ladies were anticipating a sudden overthrow, which, had he chosen to knock against one of the posts which supported it, must inevitably have been the result.

DECEIT.—Of all the agents in life that which is most poignant and horrowing—that which, for the time, unbalances reason and lacerates one whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.

A BEAUTIFUL thought is suggested in the Knight "Angel in the grave will not question how rich the amount of wealth thou hast left behind there, how great deeds thou hast done while in the world, to admit thee

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre st., corner of Leonard.
Box 2,802 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

DRAWA, Philadelphia.—You are mistaken; neither New York, Boston or Philadelphia witnessed the first representation of Robertson's new play of "Progress." It was performed for the first time in this country, as well as first time on any stage, by a dramatic company that started from the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia. It was first presented on July 6th, 1869, at Rumsey Hall, Salem, N. J., a queer village for a piece of Robertson's to first see the light of day. The cast was as follows:—John Ferne, S. K. Chester; Lord Mompesson, J. T. Becket; Arthur, D. E. Kelley; Hunnythorne, Jas. T. Ward; Bob, F. Stull; Eva, Mrs. S. K. Chester; and Myrnie, Jennie Brink.

R. P.—1. Tim Collins is boniface of a drum at Marblehead, Mass. 2. Yes, he and Abe Hicken had a slashing set-to at the latter's exhibition in Boston prior to leaving for Eng and. Abe challenged anybody at 124 lbs., and Tim accepted, but they fell out about the time of weighing. Hicken desiring to scale the day before and Collins on the morning of fighting. They afterwards donned the gloves and had nine rounds. Tim was credited with administering two square knock down blows, and threw Abe thrice, while the latter only gained one fall. Collins is said to have had all the best of the set-to, especially toward the close.

RAM'S HEAD, Washington D C.—The match between Collyer and Doherty involved the title of light weight champion, and though it was a walk over for Sam, he thereby became entitled to the position just the same as if he had won it by fighting. Doherty has since fairly challenged the parties to whom you allude, but they, by refusing to defend the title, forfeited it. 2. Whoever claims the title of champion of light weights must be willing to fight all comers up to 133 lbs. to make him claim good.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Paris.—1. Several biographies of Avonia Jones have been published in the CLIPPER. 2. The difficulty that occurred in that lady's family was of a private nature and it is not within our province to give it to you in these columns. 3. The Count Joannes, so called, is the lady's father. He is a lawyer. 4. The player who straddled the bind holds the age. 5. Next to the blind holds the ace when the hands are retired.

BAR BALLS.—1. See answer to "Ram's Head." 2. Billy Edwards announced his retirement from the ring after his first and only fight—that with Collyer—and thereby surrendered the title which he gained at that time. Abe Hicken and Pete Maguire fought for the championship since then, which the former won, but forfeited it through leaving the country by stealth. There was a standing challenge from Collyer to him when he left.

J. W., Monroe, Va.—1. They cannot claim the championship if they refuse to accept any challenge, properly made. 2. The bet is a draw. 5. You can obtain a copy of that print, large size, colored, with key, by addressing Ed. Wilson, 100 Bleecker st., this city. 4. Write to Wilmer & Rogers, 47 Nassau street, this city, for that paper.

CONSTANT READER, Mobile.—"In a game of four-handed euchre, A plays ace, king, B a four, C a tray, and D a deuce and takes four for the sequence. A has no more cards. Then B plays another four and claims four more for a sequence. Can he count it?".....No: he can only count 3 for the sequence, but if his four is the last card, or a 9o, he can take one more.

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R. B., Chicago, Ill.—1. Josh Ward's address is Cornwall, N. Y. 2. A letter addressed to the post office will reach either of them. 3. Yes.

WM. BERG, Chicago.—We have been unable to find such a work, and presume it has never reached us. Was it a package of manuscript, or what?

HARLEY, Washington, D. C.—You had better seek the assistance of one of our dramatic agents. We have not time to attend to such matters.

BALL TOSSER.—1. The Eckfords and "Red Stockings" never played before this season. 2. The Eckfords won a ball from the Atlantics Oct. 4, 1865; score, 18 to 16.

HOSPER, Harrisburg.—1. Billy Boyce's best pacing time is 2:14½. 2. The term means that the horse is unsteady in consequence of insufficiency of work.

F. D. C., Chicago.—I. must await the issue of the postponed race before his wager on time is decided. His bet that he won on the 15th, before the race was finally decided, is lost.

J. H. K., Pulaski.—Kettledrum and Blair Athol both won the Derby in 2:43; the fastest time on record in which that race has been run.

J. H. G., Washington, D. C.—You must give us more than the name of the missing party or we cannot assist you; what is his business, age, etc.

AN OLD READER, Baltimore.—We agree with you to a certain extent, and will endeavor to have such matters righted; but you are wrong in some of your statements.

TROY, Indianapolis.—Procure through your bookseller "The Trotting Horse of America," by Hiram Woodruff, published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York.

R. H. M., Cincinnati.—The fastest mile heat time, with weight up, was the race won by Herzog at Cincinnati, in September; time, 1:43¾; 1:44¼; 1:46¾.

W. L., Sedalia, Mo.—1. The work is all printed and ready, but the publishers are holding it back for awhile until book trade revives. 2. Would be pleased to have you send us the latest show news.

B. E. T.—The longest running jump on record is 29 feet 7 inches, by John Howard. It was made from a board, slightly beveled, but not a spring board.

JUVENILE.—1. You can procure it of Thompson & Riggs, dramatic agents, this city, or of Andy Lavitt, now performing at the Waverley, in this city. 2. Hughey Dougherty is the best.

SUBSCRIBER, East Boston.—Bernard Flaherty is his right name. McLaren is Dan Rice's right name.

CONSTANT, Buffalo.—He never bought out or had any interest in a circus company except his weekly salary.

THE LOW COMEDIAN.—Anecdotes duly received, and will have early attention.

ANYHOW, Indianapolis.—Your letters reach us each week one day too late.

H. A. W., Syracuse.—Most all of them returned to La Belle France.

A. R., St. Louis.—The lady has been on the stage since she was ten years of age. She is now twenty-one, and not married.

T. L. M., Bath.—1. What Harrison do you mean? 2. We charge 20 cents a line.

M. J. J., Greensburg, Pa.—Patsy Reardon never fought either Harry or Tom Allen.

S. T. N., Canton, N. Y.—We do not keep them for sale. Apply to some of our advertisers.

J. C. W., Galena.—It must get on the chair; failing to do which, he loses the wager.

A CONTRIBUTOR, Danville, Pa.—We have not sufficient personal acquaintance to warrant us in recommending any one in that line.

OVERCOAT, St. Joseph, Mo.—You have won your bet. C. J. Smith, of the Atlantics, is the party referred to.

HAMLET, Washington.—1. Dockney is not connected with any club at present. 2. It is the same person.

J. J. B., Utica.—Delehanty and Hengler, Johnny Thompson and Billy Emerson.

WYOMING, Cheyenne.—The "Red Stockings" have not lost a game this season.

HOOF-BOUND, Auburn Hill.—We do not know. Peck & Snyder 22 Ann street, New York, will get what you want.

PHILLIP.—They rank in the following order:—Allison, Craver, Mills.

PETER SNOOKS, Baltimore.—1. Ferguson. 2. Can't say. 3. Hatfield, Waterman, Johnson, Wright, Reach, Radcliff, Sensenderfer, McBride and Fisler. 4. Undoubtedly.

PUFFY, New York.—Unless by special previous agreement, a straight flush does not beat four aces.

WHITMAN.—A weight of one pound will not produce such a difference as you bet on in four miles.

H. J. F., Utica.—The Auburn horse has no record, not having trotted in public.

D. J., Cincinnati.—Four threes and a nine count twenty-four at cribbage.

E. M. L., East Boston.—Is it the time of the horse Prince or the mare Princess you enquire after. Write more legibly.

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MICHIGANDER, Grand Rapids, Mich.—1. It means that he uses that hand with great effect. 2. He is considered the most scientific boxer. 3. The left hand and left foot advanced.

R. B., Chicago, Ill.—1. Josh Ward's address is Cornwall, N. Y. 2. A letter addressed to the post office will reach either of them. 3. Yes.

WM. BERG, Chicago.—We have been unable to find such a work, and presume it has never reached us. Was it a package of manuscript, or what?

HARLEY, Washington, D. C.—You had better seek the assistance of one of our dramatic agents. We have not time to attend to such matters.

BALL TOSSER.—1. The Eckfords and "Red Stockings" never played before this season. 2. The Eckfords won a ball from the Atlantics Oct. 4, 1865; score, 18 to 16.

HOSPER, Harrisburg.—1. Billy Boyce's best pacing time is 2:14½. 2. The term means that the horse is unsteady in consequence of insufficiency of work.

F. D. C., Chicago.—I. must await the issue of the postponed race before his wager on time is decided. His bet that he won on the 15th, before the race was finally decided, is lost.

J. H. K., Pulaski.—Kettledrum and Blair Athol both won the Derby in 2:43; the fastest time on record in which that race has been run.

J. H. G., Washington, D. C.—You must give us more than the name of the missing party or we cannot assist you; what is his business, age, etc.

AN OLD READER, Baltimore.—We agree with you to a certain extent, and will endeavor to have such matters righted; but you are wrong in some of your statements.

TROY, Indianapolis.—Procure through your bookseller "The Trotting Horse of America," by Hiram Woodruff, published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York.

R. H. M., Cincinnati.—The fastest mile heat time, with weight up, was the race won by Herzog at Cincinnati, in September; time, 1:43¾; 1:44¼; 1:46¾.

W. L., Sedalia, Mo.—1. The work is all printed and ready, but the publishers are holding it back for awhile until book trade revives. 2. Would be pleased to have you send us the latest show news.

B. E. T.—The longest running jump on record is 29 feet 7 inches, by John Howard. It was made from a board, slightly beveled, but not a spring board.

JUVENILE.—1. You can procure it of Thompson & Riggs, dramatic agents, this city, or of Andy Lavitt, now performing at the Waverley, in this city. 2. Hughey Dougherty is the best.

SUBSCRIBER, East Boston.—Bernard Flaherty is his right name. McLaren is Dan Rice's right name.

CONSTANT, Buffalo.—He never bought out or had any interest in a circus company except his weekly salary.

THE LOW COMEDIAN.—Anecdotes duly received, and will have early attention.

ANYHOW, Indianapolis.—Your letters reach us each week one day too late.

H. A. W., Syracuse.—Most all of them returned to La Belle France.

A. R., St. Louis.—The lady has been on the stage since she was ten years of age. She is now twenty-one, and not married.

T. L. M., Bath.—1. What Harrison do you mean? 2. We charge 20 cents a line.

M. J. J., Greensburg, Pa.—Patsy Reardon never fought either Harry or Tom Allen.

S. T. N., Canton, N. Y.—We do not keep them for sale. Apply to some of our advertisers.

J. C. W., Galena.—It must get on the chair; failing to do which, he loses the wager.

A CONTRIBUTOR, Danville, Pa.—We have not sufficient personal acquaintance to warrant us in recommending any one in that line.

OVERCOAT, St. Joseph, Mo.—You have won your bet. C. J. Smith, of the Atlantics, is the party referred to.

HAMLET, Washington.—1. Dockney is not connected with any club at present. 2. It is the same person.

J. J. B., Utica.—Delehanty and Hengler, Johnny Thompson and Billy Emerson.

WYOMING, Cheyenne.—The "Red Stockings" have not lost a game this season.

HOOF-BOUND, Auburn Hill.—We do not know. Peck & Snyder 22 Ann street, New York, will get what you want.

PHILLIP.—They rank in the following order:—Allison, Craver, Mills.

PETER SNOOKS, Baltimore.—1. Ferguson. 2. Can't say. 3. Hatfield, Waterman, Johnson, Wright, Reach, Radcliff, Sensenderfer, McBride and Fisler. 4. Undoubtedly.

PUFFY, New York.—Unless by special previous agreement, a straight flush does not beat four aces.

WHITMAN.—A weight of one pound will not produce such a difference as you bet on in four miles.

H. J. F., Utica.—The Auburn horse has no record, not having trotted in public.

D. J., Cincinnati.—Four threes and a nine count twenty-four at cribbage.

E. M. L., East Boston.—Is it the time of the horse Prince or the mare Princess you enquire after. Write more legibly.

HENRY, Marshall Co., Ill.—You will see Grady's Circus advertised in this issue of the CLIPPER

BASE BALL.

TOUR OF THE ECKFORD CLUB.

ECKFORD vs. YALE.

On Wednesday, the 20th inst., the Eckfords left town, without Wood or Jewett, their 2d base and catcher, on a short eastern trip. Their first stopping place was at New Haven, where they were under engagement to play the Yale College nine. Quite a crowd of the admirers of the game assembled at Hamilton Park to witness the play of the champions. The collegians did not have out a strong team and met with a one-sided defeat, as will be seen by the subjoined score:—

ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	YALE.	H.L.	R.
Allison, 1st b	3	1	Buck, c f	3	1
Patterson, 1 f	4	1	Thomas, p	3	3
Marrin, p	5	1	Faulkner, r f	3	0
Nelson, 3d b	3	0	French, 1st b	3	0
Hodes, 2d b	4	3	Payson, 2d b	3	1
Eggler, c	1	5	G. Richards, c	3	0
Treacy, c f	1	2	Day, l f	3	1
Courtney, r f	4	3	B. S. Richards, s s	3	1
Pinkham, 2d b	3	3	Chapman, 3d b	3	1
Total	24		Total		8

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eckford	0	2	5	3	5	1	3	5	—24
Yale	0	0	0	4	1	1	0	2	0—8

Umpire—W. A. Meeker, of the Seaside, of Bridgeport.

ECKFORD vs. TRI-MOUNTAIN.

On the 21st the Eckfords arrived in Boston and in the afternoon played the Tri-Mountain Club. The Bostonians brought into play their best men, and the game started and was kept up much in their favor till the close of the sixth innings. At that time the Eckfords went to business with a will, scoring in that innings just double (eight) what they had done in the first five sessions at the bat. This put them two ahead. The batting of the Eckfords was very solid, many of the balls reaching the fence and several going completely over. The New Yorkers also indulged in some of their sharp play, such as dropping the ball for the purpose of double play, feints, etc. In the last innings of the Eckfords, Martin fell violently at the first base, spraining one of his legs so badly that he had to be assisted from the field. The score is as follows:—

ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	TRI-MOUNTAIN.	H.L.	R.
Allison, 1st b	2	3	Sullivan, 3d b	4	2
Patterson, 1 f	4	2	Kelley, c f	3	1
Martin, p	4	2	Record, 1st b	1	5
Nelson, 3d b	0	5	Jones, r f	2	3
Hodes, s s	2	4	Barrow, 2d b	1	3
Eggler, c	3	2	Pratt, s s	3	1
Treacy, c f	3	2	O'Brien, p	3	1
Malone, r f	4	2	French, 1 f	3	1
Pinkham, 2d b	5	2	Allen, c	4	0
Total	26		Total		17

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Eckford	0	1	3	0	4	8	3	7—26
Tri-Mountain	4	0	5	3	2	0	3	0—17

Umpire—Mr. A. Bush of the Harvard Club.

ECKFORD vs. LOWELL.

The Eckfords met the Lowells on the 22d and gained another victory. As usual with the Lowells when they are playing with a strange club, they made a most excellent game, and in this match they probably did as well, if not better, than ever before. At the end of the fifth innings the Lowells were one ahead (11 to 10), which was made even by the Eckfords in the next count, but the seventh innings gave the Lowells two tallies in the advance. The Gothamites then struck a streak of batting and added 15 to their score, besides preventing their opponents from putting down anything but a cipher to their credit. On the last innings, however, the Lowell boys put in ten runs, leaving the score as appended:—

ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	LOWELL.	H.L.	R.
Allison, 1st b	3	3	Lovett, 2d b	3	4
Patterson, 1 f	5	3	Joslin, 3d b	4	5
Malone, p	4	4	Adlne, l f	4	2
Nelson, 3d b	4	3	Rogers, p	4	3
Hodes, s s	5	2	Simmons, s s	2	4
Eggler, c	1	1	Bradbury, c	3	4
Tracey, c f	2	7	Briggs, c f	2	5
Courtney, r f	1	4	Dillingham, r f	1	5
Pinkham, 2d b	5	5	Newton, 1st b	5	2
Total	33		Total		33

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eckford	3	4	0	2	4	3	15	1	3—35
Lowell	2	1	3	0	5	3	9	0	10—33

Umpire—Mr. A. Bush, of the Harvard Club.

On the 23d, the Eckfords were to have played a picked nine instead of the Harvard Club, as at first arranged. The rain storm prevented the sport, however, and the same evening they left for home.

EXPERT vs. OLMYPIC.

The return game of the match between these well known Philadelphia clubs came off on the 22d inst, and terminated in the success of the Experts. As the first game was won by the same club by 30 to 23, their victory is a substantial one. We append the score:—

EXPERT.	H.L.	R.	In.	T.	OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.	In.	T.
Hadley, 3d b	3	3	1	2	Kern, 3d b	4	0	0	0
Shafer, c f	3	1	2	3	Reese, s s	3	0	2	4
McMenomy, 2d b	1	1	1	1	Severa, 1 f	3	2		5
George, 1 f	1	4	4	6	Lovett, p	3	2	2	4
Cairns, r f	1	3	3	6	Gram 1st b	2	2	2	2
Ryan, p	1	2	2	4	Clark, 2d b	3	2	1	3
McGeary, c	2	2	2	2	Miller, c	4	1	1	1
McKenna, 1st b	1	2	1	3	Rushton, c f	1	3	3	6
Enen, s s	2	3	3	3	Reybura, r f	2	1	2	3
Totals	21	23	19	29	Totals	21	15	17	27

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Expert	8	3	2	3	1	0	2—23
Olympic	0	3	2	5	1	4	0—15

Umpire—Mr. E. Cuthbert, of Athletics.

MATCHES THIS WEEK.—Oct. 26th, Atlantic vs. Keystone, at Philadelphia; 26th, Star vs. Champion, on the Capitoline grounds; 26th, Union of Morrisania vs. Orion, at Union Base Ball Park, Tremont; 26th, Gotham vs. Eagle; return game, on Gotham's ground; 27th, Athetic, of Brooklyn vs. Champion, on the Capitoline grounds, at 2.30 P. M.; 28th, Atlantic vs. Mutual, home and home game, on the Union grounds; 28th, Dexter vs. Washington, of Hudson City, at Hudson City; 28th, Athlete vs. Powhatan, at Washington Heights; 29th, Dexter vs. Atlantic, of Morrisania, at Sixty-ninth street and Fifth Avenue; 29th, Union, of Morrisania vs. Oriental, return game, on the Union grounds, Williamsburgh; 29th, Gramercy vs Nameless, for junior championship, at Peekskill.

THE "RED STOCKINGS" GOING SOUTH.—A letter from Mr. John P. Joyce, Secretary of the Cincinnati Club, informs us that the "Red Stockings" will visit New Orleans and other Southern cities before the close of the present season. In reference to the subject of an Eastern visit, Mr. Joyce says:—"We do not purpose visiting the East again this season. There are several return games due us on our own grounds from clubs in that quarter who can advance no substantial reason for failing to fulfil their engagement with us. They cannot but know that they would not only pay expenses, but make money by visiting our city, for there is no community that patronizes the sport more liberally than ours."

CINCINNATI ITEMS.—The "Red Stockings" have one more fight before them, before they can claim a season of unbroken victories. The Mutuals play them in Cincinnati, probably on Thursday of this week, Oct. 28th. The unexampled game between these clubs last summer and the splendid play of both nines in their late games with the Athletics and Atlantics, will make the game be looked forward to with great interest..... The managers of the Buckeye Club are very reticent about their intentions for next year, but the popular belief is that they will make a desperate endeavor to wrest the supremacy from their red legged rivals.

MEETING OF THE STATE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the New York Association will convene at Albany on the 11th prox. In answer to Mr. Kelly, Secretary of the Association, asking for the use of the Assembly Hall for the Convention, that gentleman received the following autograph letter:—

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY, Oct. 15, 1869.

DEAR SIR.—The Assembly Chamber will be open on the 11th prox. for the Convention of the Association of Base Ball Players of the State of New York, as requested in your letter of the 13th inst.

Very truly yours, JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

THE SOUTHERN CHAMPIONSHIP.—We have received a lengthy communication from our Washington correspondent "H. A. D.," explaining the ins and outs of the misunderstanding between the Maryland Club, of Baltimore, and the Olympic Club, of Washington, and detailing the grievances of the latter; but as the difficulty has since been adjusted amicably its publication is rendered unnecessary.

CLUB AVERAGES.—We shall commence the publication of club averages in a week or two. Secretaries of clubs who have kept scores in detail will oblige us by giving us full particulars of the season's play of their respective clubs.

BILLIARDS.

HEWINS vs. BENJAMIN.

A GAME PLAYED UNDER PROTEST.

At Portchester, N. Y., on the night of the 22d inst., Ralph Benjamin, of that place, and M. H. Hewins, of Hartford, contended at the three-ball game for a stake of $200. The number of points was 150, and a second-size four-pocket table was used. Hewins, who had for two weeks previous been confined to his home by fever, was manifestly in but poor condition for play, and held but posts at the same rate as his opponent. But for his illness, he would have been largely the favorite from the fact of his having a few weeks before defeated Benjamin at the same game. At the close of the game on the 22d, Hewins was *one point* ahead and seemingly the winner. But whether he won or not is the subject of a dispute. It appears that in the 17th inning, Benjamin, after scoring eight points, played a shot which the boys of his club counted. Hewins claimed foul, because the butt was used. The referee, being appealed to, sustained Hewins' claim. Benjamin refused to accept the referee's ruling, on the ground that it was wholly without precedent; and declared that, if he played the game out, it would be under protest. By the advice of the referee, Hewins consented that the decision should be reviewed by Mr. Michael Phelan, and the play was resumed, terminating as above set forth. No matter which way Mr. Phelan shall decide, Mr. Hewins, as he was speedily aware, yielded altogether too much. He should have demanded that, as required by the rules, Benjamin's protest be disposed of then and there, before another stroke was played. Had the referee's decision been sustained and Benjamin continued his play, there must, when it came Hewin's turn, have been a totally different arrangement of the balls, which might either have given Hewins an increased majority, or have turned the game over to his opponent. In consenting to play the game out subject to Benjamin's protest, Hewins gave his opponent two chances to his one—viz.:—a chance to win by superior play, and a chance to "draw" in case he should be beaten out. Mr. Hewins made a statement of the case to Mr. Phelan on the following day. That gentleman then gave his opinion. As soon as he has heard from Mr. Benjamin, Mr. Phelan will publish his decision. As an expression by Mr. P. of his opinion in matters of this kind is considered by the public as equivalent to a decision by him, and as his opinion of the Hewins and Benjamin dispute was given in presence of several gentlemen besides Mr. H., he requests us to state that all bets as to what his decision would be, made after half-past ten on the morning of the 23d (at which hour he gave his opinion), will be declared void. It is made for the hour to be named, but if he should not have been heard from by that hour, stand, as they could not possibly have been based upon private knowledge as to the forthcoming decision.

THE CHAMPION IN CALIFORNIA.—About six hundred persons assembled at the Mercantile Library Hall, San Francisco, Cal., on the evening of the 16th inst., when John Deery gave his first public exhibition of his skill on the Pacific slope. The "seance" was opened with a four ball carom game, pool barred, of 750 points, Deery's opponent being Joseph Little. Little won the lead, but failed to count. Deery hit out score to his first inning. After the third inning he played carelessly, and finished the game on his thirteenth inning, averaging 57 9-13. Little scored only 143, his average being 11 13-13. Both were out of practice, and played only as a toll to the champion. Then there was a three-ball carom game of 100 points, in this Deery made a run of 15; Little, one of 13. Deery won the game in his thirty-second inning, his average being 3 4-32; Little's, 1 21-32. Then Deery gave an exhibition of his wonderful skill at "nurse," each of them new to most of all the shots. They excited interest and dearly applause.

THE MATCH IN MONTREAL.

BESSUNGER AGAIN DEFEATS WATSON.

At Dions' Billiard room, Montreal, on the night of the 20th inst., Jacob Bessunger, of that city, encountered S. B. Watson, of St. Albans, for the second time, in a push-barred game of 1,000 points, played with 2¼ths balls, on a 5½x11 carom table, the stake being $300 a side. The play began shortly after eight and finished at about midnight. Wm. Cornell acted as Watson's umpire, and Cyrille Dion as Bessunger's. Mr. Guilnette was chosen referee. Betting before play began was 2 to 1 on Bessunger—few takers. Bessunger won the bank shot, and spotted his ball. Watson led out and failing to score, Bessunger got the balls and ran 34 very prettily. The game went on slowly until the 28th innings, when Watson having run 25, missed an easy shot, and left the balls for his opponent. Bessunger was not slow to make use of his advantage, and before he resigned his position at the table, he had piled up the neat little score of 103. Watson followed with 65, and the game began to get interesting. At this stage the favorite was nearly one hunred points behind. The game proceeded very slowly from this point until 500 was reached. Watson had fallen off in his play, and now Bessunger was 62 points ahead. An intermission of ten minutes took place at this stage. Betting was still in the Canadians favor, but the Americans were not slow in taking all they could get. After intermission the game was resumed, and kept up with life. Small runs were the order of the evening. At one time Watson would be a few points ahead and on the next innings his opponent would lead him. So it continued until Watson, by a great mistake in judgment, attempted a round-the-table shot when his ball was frozen, and, failing to score, left the two reds for Bessunger. As a result of this error Bessunger put up 76 to his score, and although Watson had several chances afterwards, Bessunger won the game by 67 points. The following is the score at length:—

WATSON—0, 4, 13, 8, 23, 2, 0, 1, 52, 0, 22, 25, 4, 11, 20, 7, 25, 0, 0, 28, 29, 5, 10, 6, 2, 0, 16, 27, 0, 65, 0, 40, 46, 17, 46, 19, 43, 2, 10, 9, 15, 34, 8, 2, 15, 6, 2, 26, 19, 8, 4, 9, 0, 0, 58, 0, 7, 35, 6, 25, 6—Total 973.

BESSUNGER—34, 5, 0, 5, 0, 4, 12, 1, 0, 2, 0, 26, 2, 7, 5, 7, 7, 13, 53, 17, 11, 12, 2, 13, 16, 0, 14, 42, 103, 0, 6, 69, 12, 0, 13, 36, 2, 16, 6, 29, 2, 3, 0, 0, 4, 65, 44, 9, 0, 11, 41, 3, 4, 2, 1, 3, 6, 25, 3, 76, 2, 0, 19, 9—Total 1,040.

Average.—Bessunger, 15⅝; Watson, 14 37-54.

Greatest Runs.—Watson, 52, 65, 40, 46, 46, 49, 43, 53, 53, 25. Bessunger, 34, 58, 42, 103, 69, 56, 65, 44, 41, 30, 76.

CYRILLE'S PLAY.—As a sample of the mettle John Deery has to test, in the approaching contest for the Diamond cue, we subjoin the record of two games played by Cyrille Dion with his brother Joseph. The first took place on the 18th:—

CYRILLE.—0, 0, 0, 3, 12, 10, 0, 3, 0, 0, 0, 144, 3, 75, 3, 6, 3, 0, 284, 9, 1, 3, 0, 15, 3, 3, 5, 0. Total, 586.

JOE.—168, 12, 0, 102, 1, 9, 3, 6, 4, 3, 0, 0, 3, 57, 6, 27, 21, 0, 6, 54, 9, 18, 19, 3, 75, 30, 21, 6. Total, 750.

Average.—Cyrille 20 13-14; Joe, 26 11-14.

Greatest runs.—Cyrille, 144, 75, 284; Joe, 168, 102, 57, 54, 75

The following night the brothers played again and Cyrille was successful, his majority being 257 in 750, his average 31¼, and his best runs 405 and 125. Joseph's average was 24⅝.

MAURICE DALY TO FRANK FITCH.—The Yorkville player thus responds to the card of the Trojan, published in our last:—

NEW YORK, Oct. 21 1869.

MR. FITCH.—DEAR SIR.—By your card of the 14th I think there will be but little trouble in making the match if you will but despatch me one to represent you, and will meet your representative at Chris O'Connor's in Fourteenth street, between the hours of 3 and 6 P. M. on Wednesday, October 27, to make arrangements.

Respectfully, MAURICE DALY.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF OHIO.—There is to be another tournament for the championship of Ohio, Frederick Ackerman having been forced, by a pressure of business engagements, to resign the one. It is to be inaugurated on the 22d of November, in Cincinnati. Parties desirous of entering should address the President of the Ohio State Billiard Association, Philip Tieman, 210 and 212 Vine street, in the above city.

PHELAN VS. HEWINS.—On the afternoon of the 21st inst., at Camp's, Michael Phelan and the Connecticut champion had a bout at the three-ball game, 45 points up, Phelan giving the odds of discount. Hewins played surprisingly well, making runs of 18 and 7, and won easily.

THREE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.—This amount was "run" the other day by Charles H. Knight, seventeen years of age, and a resident of Rochester. As it was made on a carom table, it is as improbable that the balls were not notched as that a Jersey wrecker would carry an umbrella.

EXHIBITION ON WEDNESDAY.—Edward Cahill, having returned from the west, is now joint manager, with Coroner Flynn, of the billiard room at 256 Broadway, where, on the afternoon of the 27th, there will be an exhibition by Messrs. Phelan, Tim Flynn, Cahill and others.

EXHIBITION IN BROOKLYN.—There is to be an exhibition on the 1st of Nov. at Van Cleaf's new room, in Fulton avenue, near Navy street, Brooklyn. The leading experts in this vicinity will "make the balls dance."

PRESIDENT GRANT'S TABLE.—The superb table manufactured two years ago by Phelan & Collender for General Grant is to be removed this week to the Executive Mansion, where a room has been built expressly for it.

MCDEVITT.—This player is now proprietor of a room on Dearborn street, Chicago. On the 13th inst. there was a formal re-opening. Rudolphe, Rhines, Le Brun, Spear, Ryall and other notabilities taking cue in hand.

JACK BESSUNGER played a practice game of 750 up with an amateur at Montreal, C. E., on the 18th inst., the latter being allowed 300 points. Bessunger won by nearly 100 points.

JOE DION defeated Cyrille in a game of 750 points, caroms, at their rooms, Montreal, C. E., on the 18th inst., Cyrille scoring 586.

AMUSEMENTS.

WALLACK'S.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. LESTER WALLACK.
Doors open at 7½. To commence at 8 o'clock.
CONTINUED NOVELTY AND VARIETY.
MONDAY, October 25th (4th time), AN UNEQUAL MATCH.
TUESDAY, October 26th (4th time), THE HEIR AT LAW.
WEDNESDAY, (matinee) October 27th (4th time),
THE CHILD OF FOR SCANDAL.
THURSDAY, October 28th (4th time), CASTE.
FRIDAY, October 29th (4th time), THE HEIR AT LAW.
SATURDAY, October 30th (5th time), AN UNEQUAL MATCH.
A NEW COMEDY by the author of CASTE,
Is in course of preparation.
DUE NOTICE will be given of the first appearance of
MR. LESTER WALLACK,
who will appear, during the engagement, in
TWO ORIGINAL CHARACTERS,
in addition to several of his
WELL KNOWN AND FAVORITE IMPERSONATIONS.
Box office open from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. 30-1t

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
MONDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 1st,
BENEFIT OF LADIES' AID TO GERMAN HOSPITAL.
Last appearance of
JAMES MACE,
the retired Champion in his
STATUE-QUE ILLUSTRATIONS,
assisted by JAMES TAYLOR, his last appearance in the city; TONY PASTOR, LEGGET AND ALLEN, MONS. LEOPOLD, MLLE. GERALDINE, LEO MAUE, F. ABRAMS, HUGHEY DOUGHERTY, MISS ALEX. ANDER, GEO. HUTCHINSON,
and a number of other talented artists, all having kindly volunteered for this occasion. Mr James Mace will execute his great violin solo for the first time in America.
Admission to Parquette and Balcony Seats.....$1 00
Private Boxes.....5 00
Proscenium Boxes.....10 00
Family Circle.....50
30-1t

WAVERLEY THEATRE.
720 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE NEW YORK HOTEL.
Proprietor.....CHARLES WHITE
DECIDED SUCCESS.
THE ACKNOWLEDGED MART FOR FUN.
EVERYTHING WELL DONE.
A MONSTER PERFORMANCE GIVEN NIGHTLY
To the Entire Gratification of Large and Intelligent Audiences.
ONE UNANIMOUS VERDICT DISTINCTLY UTTERED, that this is positively the MOST MIRTHFUL ESTABLISHMENT in the City.
Three more new stars this week.
MLLE. CAROLINE LACOSTE,
MLLE. IDA DEVERE, MONS. WIETOFF,
together with Mr. Charles White, Mr. Harry Bloodgood, Mr. J. H. Budworth, Mr. Frank Gibbons, Sergeant Burke, Miss Jenny Benson, Miss Josephine West, Miss Addie Johnson, Mr. Andrew Leavitt, Mr. Wm. Carter, Mr. M. Gallagher, Mr. J. S. Forbes, with a host of utility material, comprising OVER FIFTY PERFORMERS.
Doors open at 7; commences at 8 o'clock.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY at 2 P. M.

BOWERY THEATRE.
WM. B. FRELIGH.....Proprietor and Manager.
NONE NOVELTY, MORE EXCITEMENT.
DION BOUCICAULT'S GREAT DRAMA OF MODERN LIFE.

FORMOSA; Or the RAILROAD TO RUIN.		FORMOSA; Or the RAILROAD TO RUIN.
NEW INCIDENTAL SCENERY, ORIGINAL MUSIC, SUPERB EFFECTS, &c.	ILLUSTRATING A CLOSELY CONTESTED BOAT RACH ON THE HUDSON RIVER, Between the OXFORD And CAMBRIDGE CREWS.	
DANCING BY Pantomimist of MLLE. DE ROSA.		
30-1t	ROBERT MACAIRE.	

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
585 BROADWAY.
GLORIOUS SUCCESS. HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY.
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS'
SAN FRANCI-CO MINSTRELS.
First week of the Jockey Dance, Jerome vs Derby, by
LEGGET AND ALLEN,
LEGGET AND ALLEN,
THE GREATEST DANCERS IN THE WORLD,
From the Alhambra, London.
The most legitimate entertainment in Negro Minstrelsy in the world
THE GREAT NEGRO COMEDIANS EVERY NIGHT
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"MEIGNON."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

We met, *I* loved, and we parted;
(How briefly the tale is told!)
And the light of a life was darkened
In the words I thus unfold;
For she had no love to give me,
And I for my woe am to blame—
Yet were mine the past to live over
It would happen just the same!

Oh, she was so gentle and kindly,
With a voice and a smile that could charm,
That I—well I loved her blindly,
With a love as pure as warm,
Loved her—heart how I loved her!
Unthinking, uncounting the cost
Of the agony 'twould be mine to feel
When I'd learn that I loved and lost!

So I basked in the sun of her presence—
I drank of the wine of her smile;
And I revelled in bliss'ful dreamings,
Unconscious—fool!—the while;
Till, waking, I found them baseless,
And I knew that I stood alone—
Bereft of hope's wintery world,
With a heart that was turned to stone!

So we parted; and thus was ended
This dream of the heart and brain;
And a dream so fraught with the bliss of romance
Will ne'er be mine again!
She passed from my longing vision,
A star which a moment shone
On the dreary wastes of a darkened life
With a glory all its own!

Well, for each of us life has its sorrow,
And mine shall be manfully borne;
I thought to wear a rose on my heart,
And I've felt in its core the thorn.
But no fruitlessly weak repinings
Shall sully the love I give,
Though 'tis bitter to know I've lost forever
The hopes of a heart, and live!

O Little One, pure and tender!
So maidenly, modest and true—
'Midst all the pain which wrings my soul
There is no reproach for you;
For you had no love to give me,
And I for my woe am to blame;
And were mine the past again to live
I would love you just the same!

BOSTON, Oct., 1869. JAMIE.

MAGSMAN'S DWARF.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

At one period of its reverses the House fell into the occupation of a showman. He was found registered as its occupier in the parish books of the time when he is named the House, and there was, therefore, no need of any clue to his name. But he himself was no less easy to be found, for he had led a wandering life, and settled people had lost sight of him, and people who plumed themselves of being respectable were shy of admitting that they had ever known anything of him. At last, among the marsh lands near the river's level that lie about Deptford and the neighboring market gardens, a Grizzled Personage in velveteen, with a face so cut up by varieties of weather that he looked as if he had been tatooed, was found smoking a pipe at the door of a wooden house on wheels. The wooden house was laid up in ordinary for the winter near the mouth of a muddy creek, and everything near it, the foggy river, the misty marshes and the steaming market gardens, smoked in company with the grizzled man. In the midst of this smoking party the funnel-chimney of the house on wheels was not remiss, but took its pipe with the rest in a companionable manner.

On being asked if it were he who had once rented the House to Let, Grizzled Velveteen looked surprised and said yes. Then his name was Magsman? That was it—Toby Magsman, which lawfully christened Robert, but called in the line, from an infant, Toby. There was nothing in Toby Magsman, he believed? If there was suspicion of such, mention it!

There was no suspicion of such, he might rest assured. But some inquiries were making about the House, and would he object to say why he left it?

Not at all; why should he? He left it along of a Dwarf.

Along of a Dwarf?

Mr. Magsman repeated deliberately and emphatically, Along of a Dwarf.

Might it be compatible with Mr. Magsman's inclination and convenience to enter as a favor into a few particulars?

Mr. Magsman entered into the following particulars:—

It was a long time ago, to begin with—afore lotteries and a deal more was done away with. Mr. Magsman was looking about for a good pitch, and he sees that house, and he says to himself, I'll have you if you're to be had. If money'll get you, I'll have you.

The neighbors cut up rough, and made complaints; but Mr. Magsman don't know what they would have had. It was a lovely thing. First of all, there was the canvas representin' the picter of the giant, in Spanish trunks and a ruff, who was himself half the length of the house, and was run up with a line and pulley to a pole on the roof; so that his Ed was carried with the parapet. Then there was the canvas representin' the picter of the Albino lady, showing her white 'air in the Army and Navy in correct uniform. Then there was the canvas representin' the picter of the Wild Indian a scalpin a member of some foreign nation. Then there was the canvas representin' the picter of a child of a British Planter seized by two Boa Constrictors—not that we never had no child nor no Constrictors neither. Similarly there was the canvas representin' the picter of the Wild Asses of the Prairies—not that we never had Wild Asses, nor wouldn't have had 'em at a gift. Last, there was the canvas representin' the picter of the Dwarf, and like him, too, (considerin', with George the Fourth in such a state of astonishment at him as His Majesty couldn't with his utmost politeness and stoutness. The front of the house was so covered with canvases there there wasn't a spark of daylight ever visible on that side of the house. "Magsman's Amusements," fifteen foot long by two foot high, ran over the front door and parlor winders. The passage was one of green baize and garden stuff.

A barrel organ performed there unceasing. And as to respectability, if three pence ain't respectable, what is?

But the Dwarf is the principal article at present, and he was worth the money. He was wrote up as Major Tpschoff ki, of the Imperial Bulgraderian Brigade. Nobody couldn't pronounce the name, and it never was intended anybody should. The public always turned it, as a regular rule, into Copski. And in the line chops; partly on that account, and partly because his real name, if he ever had any real name, which was very dubious, was Stakes.

He was an uncommon small man, he really was. Certainly not so small as he was made out to be; but where is your dwarf as is? He was a most uncommon small man with a uncommon small Ed; and what he had inside that Ed nobody never knowed but himself, even supposin' himself to have ever took stock of it, which it would have been a stiff job for even him to do.

The kindest little man as never growed! Spirited, but not proud. When he traveled with the Spotted Baby, though he knowed the baby's spots to be put upon him artificial, he nursed that baby like a mother. You never heered him give a ill name to a Giant. He did allow himself to break out into strong language respecting the Fat Lady from Norfolk; but that was an affair of the 'art, and when a man's 'art has been trifled with by a lady, and the preference given to an Indian, he ain't master of his actions.

He was always in love; of course, every human nat'ral phenomenon is. And he was always in love with a large woman; I never knowed the Dwarf as could be got to love a small one; which helps to keep 'em the curiosities they are.

One single idea he had in that Ed of his, which must have meant something or it wouldn't have been there. It was always his opinion that he was entitled to property. He never would put his name to anything. He had been taught to write by the young man without arms, who got his living with his toes (quite a writing master he was, and taught scores in the line), but Chops would have starved to death afore he'd have gained a bit of bread by putting his hand to a paper. This is the more curious to bear in mind, because he had no property except his house and a sarsar. When I say his house, I mean his box, painted and got up outside like a reglar six roomer, that he used to creep into with a diamond ring (or quite as good to look at), on his forefinger, and ring a little bell out of what the public believed to be the drawing room winder.

And when I say a sarser, I mean a Chany sarser in which he made collections for himself at every entertainment. His clew for that he took from me:—"Ladies and gentlemen, the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain." When he had said anything important in private life he mostly wound it up with this form of words, and they were generally the last thing he said to me at night before he went to bed.

He had what I considered a fine mind—a poetic mind. His idea respecting his property never came upon him so strong as when he sat upon a barrel-organ and had the handle turned. After the vibration had run through him a little time, he would screech out:—"Toby, I feel my property coming—grind away! I'm counting my guineas by thousands, Toby—grind away! Toby, I shall be a man of fortune; I feel the mint a gingling in me, Toby, and I'm swelling out into the Bank of England!"

Such is the influence of music on a poetic mind. Not that he was partial to any other music but a barrel-organ; on the contrary, he hated it.

He had a kind of everlasting grudge agin the public, which is a thing you may notice in many phenomenons that get their living out of it. What riled him most in the nater of his occupation was that it kept him out of society. He was continually sayin:—"Toby, my ambition is to go into society. The curse of my position toward the public is that it keeps me hout of society. This does not signify to a low beast of a Indian; he ain't formed for society. This don't signify to a Spotted Baby; he ain't formed for society. I am."

Nobody never could make out what Chops done with his money. He had a good salary, down on the drum, every Saturday as the day come round, besides having the run of his teeth—and he was a woodpecker to eat—but all dwarf's are. The sarser was a little income, bringing him so many half pence that he'd carry 'em, for a week together, tied up in a pocket handkercher. And yet he never had money. And it couldn't be the Fat Lady from Norfolk, as was once supposed, because it stands to reason that when you have a animosity toward a Indian which makes you grind your teeth at him to his face, and which can hardly hold you from goosing him audible when he's going through his war dance—it stands to reason you wouldn't, under them circumstances, deprive yourself to support that Indian in the lap of luxury.

Most unexpected, the mystery come out one day at Epsham races. The public was shy of bein pulled in, and Chops was ringing his little bell out of his drawing-room winder and was snarlin to me over his shoulder as he kneeled down with his legs out at the back door—for he couldn't be shoved into his house without kneeling down and the premises wouldn't accommodate his legs—was snarlin, "Here's a precious public for you; why the devil don't they tumble up?" when a man in the crowd holds up a carrier pigeon and cries out:—"If there's any person here as has got a ticket, the Lottery's just drawed, and the number as has come up for the great prize is three, seven, forty-two! Three, seven, forty-two!" I was given the man to the furies myself for calling off the Public's attention for the public will turn away, at any time, to look at anything in preference to the thing showed 'em; and, if you doubt it, get 'em together for any individual purpose on the face of the earth, and send only two people in late, and see if the whole company an't far more interested in takin particular notice of them two than of you—I say, I wasn't best pleased with the man for callin out, and wasn't blowed him in my own mind, when I see Chop's little bell fly out of the winder at a old lady, and he gets up and kicks his box over, exposin the whole secret, and he catches hold of the calves of my legs and he says to me, "Carry me into the van, Toby, and throw a pail of water over me, or I'm a dead man, for I've come to my property!"

Twelve thousand odd hundred pounds was Chops' winnins. He had bought a half ticket for the twenty-five thousand prize, and it had come up. The first use he made of his property was to offer to fight the Wild Indian for five hundred pound a side, him with a poisoned dart in needle, and the Indian with a club; but the Indian being in want of backers to that amount, it went no further.

After he had been mad for a week—in a state of mind, in short, in which, if I had let him sit on the organ for only two minutes, I believe he would have bust—but we kep the organ from him—Mr. Chops come round, and behaved liberal and beautiful to all. He then sent for a young man he knowed as had a very genteel appearance, and was a Bonnet at a gaming-booth (most respectable brought up, father havin been imminent in the livery stable line, but unfortunate in a commercial crisis through paintin a old gray ginger bay, and sellin him a pedigree), and Mr. Chops said to this Bonnet, who said his name was Normandy, which it wasn't:—

"Normandy, I'm going into society. Will you go with me?"

Says Normandy:—"Do I understand you, Mr. Chops, to hintimate that the 'ole of the expenses of that move will be borne by your-self?"

"Correct," says Mr. Chopps. "And you shall have a princely allowance, too."

The Bonnet lifted Mr. Chops upon a chair to shake hands with him, and replied in poetry, with his eyes seemingly full of tears:—

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
And I do not ask for more,
But I'll go—along with thee."

They went into society, in a chay and four greys with silk jacke'ts. They took lodging in Pall Mall, London, and they blazed away.

In consequence of a note that was brought to Bartlemy Fair in the autumn of next year by a servant, most wonderful got up in milk white cords and tops, I cleaned myself and went to Pall Mall one evening appointed. The gentlemen were at their wine after dinner, and Mr. Chop's eyes were more fixed in that Ed of his than I thought good for him. There was three of 'em (in company I mean), and I knowed the third well. When last met, he had on a white Roman shirt and a Bishop's mitre covered with leopard skin, and played the clarinet all wrong, in a band at a wild beast show.

I made the round of the bottles, first separate (to say I had done it), and then mixed 'em all together (to say I done it), and then tried two of 'em as half and half and then t'other two. Altogether, I passed a pleasant evening, but with a tendency to feel muddled, until I considered it good manners to go up and say:—"Mr. Chops, the best of friends must part; I thank you for the variety of foreign drains you have stood so 'andsome, I looks toward you in red wine and I takes my leave." Mr. Chops replied:—"If you'll just hitch me out of this over your right arm, Magsman, and carry me down stairs, I'll see you out." I said I couldn't think of such a thing, but he would have it, so I lifted him off his throne. He smelt strong of Medeary, and I couldn't help thinking, as I carried him down, that it was like carrying a large bottle full of wine, with a rather ugly stopper, a good deal out of proportion.

When I sat him on the door-mat in the hall he kept me close to him by holding on to my coat-collar, and he whispert:—

"I ain't 'appy, Magsman."

"What's on your mind, Mr. Chops?"

"They don't use me well. They ain't grateful to me. They put me on the mantle-piece when I won't have in more Champagne wine and they locks me in the sideboard when I won't give up my property."

"Get rid of 'em, Mr. Chops."

"I can't. We're in Society together and what would Society say?"

"Come out of Society," says I.

"I can't. You don't know what your talking about. When you have once gone into Society, you musn't come out of it."

"Then if you'll excuse the freedom, Mr. Chops," were my remark, shaking my head grave, "I think it's a pity you ever went in."

Mr. Chops shook that deep Ed of his to a surprisin extent, and slapped it half a dozen times with his hand and with more force than I thought were in him. Then, he say:—"You're a good fellow, but you don't understand. Good night, go along. Magsman, the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan and retire behind the curtain." The last I see of him on that occasion was his trying, on the extreme verge of insensibility, to climb up the stairs, one by one, with his hands and knees. They'd have been much too sure to be printed on it will be recollected, whenever it won't—that Mr. Chops is the individual of small stature, whose brilliant success in the last State Lottery attracted so much attention." Well, I says to myself, such is life! He has been and done it in earnest at last! He has astonished George the Fourth!

(On account of which I had that canvas new painted, him with a bag of money in his hand, a presentin' it to George the Fourth, and a lady in ostrich feathers fallin in love with him in a bag-wig, sword and buckles correct.)

I took the house as is the subject of present inquiries—though not the honor of bein acquainted—and I run Magsman's Amusements to it thirteen months—sometimes one thing, sometimes another, sometimes nothin particular, but always all the canvases outside. One night, when we had played the last company out, which was a shy company through its raining heavens hard, I was takin' a pipe in the one pair back along with the young man with the toes, which I had taken on for a month (though he never drawed—except on paper), and I heard a kickin' at the street door. "Hallos!" I says to the young him, "what's up!" He rubs his eye-brows with his toes, and he says, "I can't imagine, Mr. Magsman"—which he never could imagine nothin', and was monotonous company.

The noise not leavin' off, I laid down my pipe, and I took up a candle, and I went down and opened the door. I looked out into the street, but nothing could I see, and nothin' was I aware of, until I turned round quick, became some creetur run between my legs into the passage. There was Mr. Chops!

"Magsman," he says, "take me on the hold terms, and you've got me; if it's done, say done."

I was all in a maze, but I said, "done, sir."

"Done to your done, and double done!" says he. "Have you got a bit of supper in the house?"

Bearing in mind them sparklin' warieties of foreign drains as we'd guzzled away at in Pall Mall, I was ashamed to offer him cold sausages and a gin and water; but he took 'em both, and took 'em free; havin' a chair for his table, and sittin' down at it on a stool, like hold times, I was of a maze all the while.

It was arter he had made a clean sweep of the sangages (beef, and to the best of my calculations two pound a quarter), that the wisdom as was in that little man began to come out of him like perspiration.

"Magsman," he says, "look upon me. You see afore you one as has both gone into Society and come out."

"O! You are out it, Mr. Chops. How did you get out, sir?"

"Sold out," says he. You never saw the like of the wisdom as his Ed expressed when he made use of them two words.

"My friend Magsman, I'll impart to you a discovery I've made. It's wallable; it's cost twelve thousand five hundred pound; it may do you good in life. The secret of this matter is that it ain't so much that a person goes into Society, as that Society goes into a person."

Not keeping up with his meanin', I shook my head, put on a deep look, and said, "You're right there, Mr. Chops."

"Magsman," he says, twitching me by the leg, "Society has gone into me to the amount of every penny of my property."

I felt that I went pale, and, though nat'rally a bold speaker, I couldn't hardly say, "Where's Normandy?"

"Bolted. With the plates," said Mr. Chops.

"And t'other one?"—meaning him as formerly wore the bishop's mitre.

"Bolted. With the jewels," said Mr. Chops.

I sat down and looked at him, and he stood up and looked at me.

"Magsman," he says, and he seemed to myself to get wiser as he got hoarser; "Society, taken in the lump, is all dwarfs. At the court of St. James they was all a doin' my whole business—all a goin' three times round the Cairawan in the old court suits and properties. Elsewhere they was most of 'em ringin' their little bells out of make-believes. Everywhere the sarser was a step for him if he had been sober; but he wouldn't be helped.

It warn't long after that that I read in the newspapers of Mr. Chops' being presented at court. It was printed:—"It will be recollected"—and I've noticed in my life that it is goin' round—"Magsman, the sarser, is the universal institution!"

I perceived, you understand, that he was soured by his misfortunes, and I felt for Mr. Chops.

"As to Fat Ladies," says he, giving his Ed a tremendious one agin the wall, "there's lots of *them* in Society and worse than the original. *Hers* was an outrage upon Taste—simply an outrage upon Taste—awakenin' contempt—carrying its own punishment in the form of a Indian!" Here he giv himself another tremendious one. "But *theirs*, Magsman, *theirs*, is mercenary outrages. Lay in Cashmere shawls, buy bracelets, strew 'em and a lot of 'andsome fans and things about your rooms; let it be known that you give way, like water, to all as come to admire, and the Fat Ladies, that don't exhibit for so much down upon the drum, will come from all the pints of the compass to flock about you, whatever you are. They'll drill holes in your 'art, Magsman, like a cullender. And when you've no more left to give, they'll laugh at you to your face, and leave you to have your bones picked dry by vultures, like the dead wild ass of the prairies that you deserve to be!" Here he giv himself the most tremendious one of all and dropped.

I thought he was gone. His Ed was so heavy, and he knocked it so hard, and he fell so stony, and the sassagerial disturbance in him must have been so immense that I thought he was gone. But he soon come round with care, and he sat upon the floor and he said to me, with wisdom comin' out of his eyes—if ever it come:—

"Magsman! the material diff rence between the two states of existence through which your unhappy friend has passed." He reached out his poor little hand, and his tears dropped down on the mustache, which it was a credit to him to have done his best to grow, but it is not in mortals to command success, "The difference is this:—when I was out of Society, I was paid light for being seen; when I went into Society, I paid heavy for being seen. I prefer the former even if I wasn't forced upon it. Give me out through the trumpet, in the hold way, to-morrow."

Arter that he slid into the line again, as if he had been tied a'l over. But the organ was kep from him, and no allusions was ever made, when a company was in, to his property. He got wiser every day; his views of Society and the Public was luminous, bewilderin', awful; and his Ed got bigger and bigger as his wisdom expanded.

He took well, and pulled 'em most excellent for nine week. At the expiration of that week, when his Ed was a sight, he expressed one evenin', the last Company havin' been turned out, and the door shut, a wish to have a little music.

"Mr. Chops," said I, (I never dropped the "Mr." with him; the world might do it, but not me), "Mr. Chops, are you sure as you are in a state of mind and body to sit upon the organ?"

His answer was this:—"Toby, when next met with on the tramp, I forgive her and the Indian. And I am."

It was with fear and trembling that I began to turn the handle; but he sat like a lamp. It will be my belief to my dying day that I see his Ed expand as he sat. You may, therefore, judge how great his thought was. He sat out all the changes and then he come off.

"Toby," he says, with a quiet smile, "the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain."

When we called him in the morning we found him gone into a much better Society than mine or Pall Mall's. I giv Mr. Chops as comfortable a funeral as lay in my power, followed myself as chief, and had the George the Fourth canvas carried first, in the form of a banner. But took to the Wan again.

AN EXTINCT RACE.—One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century pestilence, slavery and the cruelty of the Spaniards succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat and goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state of rewards and punishments after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as the place of punishment for the bad. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and, before engaging in them, the brides were fattened on milk. At the present day these strange people are totally extinct.

THE LAST JUMPING JACK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

One nervous disease poor Jack Martin did spoil
In our late and calamitous war;
For when you said *bounty* his nerves would recoil,
And he'd jump without knowing what for.

While stilling at Beecher's, one fine Sabbath morn,
The parson for *bounties* did thank,
When he jumped through the window and quickly was gone,
This nervous and sensitive Yank.

Down at Castle Garden, a few weeks ago,
He heard a man talk to a flat
Of Cuba, the *bounty*, fame, glory and so—
Oh, didn't he jump up at that?

Said this Cuban recruit r, who pitied poor Jack,
As he saw his sad nervous d sease—
"Fight for Liberty, boy! If you soon would get back
Your freedom and strength in the knees."

"Oh, Liberty! fleetest of birds on the wing,
How oft thou hast brought me my hash—
And I jump with delight as thy praises I sing
With a hold on the *bountiful* cash."

So quickly the business was settled and signed,
As he had most ardently hoped;
But, ere that day's sun in its bed had reclined,
Our Jack and his bounty had sloped.

The last that was heard of this singular chap
He sat watching the man in the moon,
When he thought he heard *bounty* from that silver lip,
And he jumped it a little too soon.

For he had *imbibed* on this soft Cuban thing—
This nervous and flighty young coon—
From a seventh story window himself he did fling
As he tried to *jump over the moon*.

H. A.

THE CAMARISTA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. JNO. McLEOD MURPHY.

III.

"I have already told you that I was born on the heights of the *Monte Tilano*, in the little Republic of San Marino. I was an only son and on my father's death I fell heir to his frugal patrimony. With the proceeds of this I engaged in mercantile pursuits in the town of Pesaro, the birthplace and the home of Rossini. There I married, prospered and lived happily until my wife died, twenty years ago. One child only survived her, *Angela*, my daughter. To educate her in that pure and tranquil society in which we dwelt, that she might be a comfort to me in the autumn of life, was the sole object for which I lived. She was an obedient and loving child, who claimed no indulgences from me that did not exactly accord with my keenest sense of propriety, or that ever over-taxed my limited means. When her education was so far advanced that the schools had no more embellishments to impart, I traveled with her over the continent; and that she might enjoy a larger sphere of society than Pesaro afforded, for her future, I established myself in Venice. There, for a short period, I lived in the sunshine of her smiles and she had her home in my heart. My business, as a merchant near the Rialto and along the Piazza of Saint Mark, dealing in jewelry and Venetian pearls, progressed beyond my most sanguine expectations. But, alas! the exchange of Pesaro for Venice brought an avalanche of ruin upon me. My Angela, just then in the morning twilight of her perfect womanhood, was beautiful not in my eyes only, but in the eyes of others. In an evil hour she formed an attachment for a young Austrian officer, who, I believe, loved her intensely, but whose family, of the old nobility, scorned an alliance with the plebeian offspring of a citizen of San Marino. It sears my heart to recite this story of her ill-starred love. Flattered—promised—*deceived*—God knows what, she fell and fled with shame in the passionate embraces of her destroyer across the Lombardo-Venitian frontier!"

For some moments the utterance of Don Lucas was choked with tears and he wrung his hands in a convulsive paroxysm of agony and grief. He rose, paced the room rapidly several times and then resumed his seat.

Greatly as his narrative had interested me, I urged him to refrain from a further recital, at least until he became more calm.

"No," said he, recovering himself, "I have now taken you within the threshold of my secret sorrows and I will finish.

"My soul burned for revenge! And here," he added with vehemence, drawing a small, brightly polished *stiletto* from his bosom, "is the means by which I swore to accomplish it! A single thought possessed me. Pursuit of the fugitive and justice to Angela, or death to her seducer! I traced them beyond the Eastern Alps into Tyrol, thence through Bavaria to Brussels and finally to Paris, where I lost all track of them. For many weary weeks I prosecuted my fruitless search in the French capital. At length the Arch Duke Maximilian's acceptance of the proposals of the Mexican deputation, and his departure with the allied expeditionary forces for this country, furnished a clue to the destination of the fugitives. They had returned to Austria and already embarked from Trieste for Mexico. My resolution was at once taken. Hastening to Venice, I closed up my business, heedless of all sacrifices, and, disguising myself as best I could, I sought, under an assumed name, a situation as a servant in an officer's mess on board an Austrian transport bound for Vera Cruz. Thus I became a camp follower of the Austrian contingent army. Nevertheless, my menial position was acceptable to me, because it kept me within the remote possibility of realizing the only hope I cherished—*revenge!* Arriving in the city of Mexico, however, the uprising of the Liberal forces in various parts of the country soon involved a separation of the battalions, and, consequently, my discharge from further employment. Notwithstanding the hurried sale of my effects in Venice, which I had quitted forever, I embarked from Trieste with a little less than forty thousand Austrian florins. Habituated from boyhood to occupation, and fearing the consequences of being idle with this terrible cloud enveloping me, I gladly accepted a proposal from an Italian emigrant, from Ravenna, to engage in business. He had opened a large *boliching*, or saloon, for the sale of *helados* and *refrescos*, and invited me to become a joint partner. This establishment the largest and finest in Mexico—was located in the most fashionable quarter of the city and was nightly thronged with the *elite* of the newly transformed imperial capital. The thought of amassing money in an enterprise so strange to me never entered my head, but I was captivated with the idea that I might, perhaps, learn some tidings of my unfortunate child. That, perhaps, among the gay and thoughtless groups who gathered within the walls of our brilliantly lighted saloon, I might encounter my wretched Angela! Without other reflection I embarked my entire capital in the business.

"No one knew me in Mexico and my secret was safe. Months passed away, bringing me only vague responses to my constant inquiries. *They had been in the city* since my arrival and were gone, no one could tell whither, but *might* return again. Thus was all. Day after day and night after night I peered into the faces of our guests and listened to every word that fell from their lips, in the hope that I might catch the name or the accents of Angela. It was impossible to conceal the intensity of my purpose. In vain my partner remonstrated with me for my inexplicable conduct. He became morose and insulted that I should withdraw from a share in a lucrative business. That night he threatened me with legal proceedings and the next morning I was summoned before the tribunals. He appeared against me with a host of witnesses and I was adjudged *insane!*

"Remonstrance was idle. The testimony was overwhelming, and, despite my tears and entreaties, I was consigned to the prison walls of the *Casa de Locos* in the *barrio* of San Augustin.

"For four months I languished in that wretched bastile, among the 'outlaws of human reason.' Words cannot picture the utter isolation of my imprisonment. It was a living tomb, within which I realized the fear that I would become hopelessly insane! But a short time before I was happy in the thought that no one knew me; now I was inexpressibly miserable because it was so. No one came to visit me and even the few strangers who, from morbid curiosity, crowded the threshold of the prison to gaze upon its demented inmates, turned aside from my solitary cell with a horrible aversion. To every passer-by I pleaded for a scrap of paper that I might write to the Italian minister, but my prayers either fell upon ears that were hopelessly deaf to human sympathy, or were answered by a ribald laugh. At length the sunshine broke in upon that dreary darkness.

"The Empress Carlotta, whose exemplary piety was known throughout Belgium and Austria, had initiated the practice of personally inspecting every week the hospitals and prisons in the city of Mexico. It was *our* turn to receive the imperial visitor and to witness that heaven born charity which stamps her as the possessor of the holiest attributes of woman. She came to the *casa* unattended, except by two little Sisters of the Poor! Oh! what a God send! Her Majesty approached my cell and addressed me in Italian. I besought her to hear me and begged her intercession for my release. She listened attentively to my pleadings and uttered words of hope and comfort. I clasped her hand, which she graciously extended to me, and covered it with kisses and tears. *They were not in vain!* In two days a medical board, presided over by the court physician, pronounced me *compos mentis*, and I was summoned to the palace at Chapultepec. There I repeated to Her Majesty the story of my life as I have given it to you. It touched a chord in her heart and she commanded me to return within a week. On my second visit I was again ushered into the presence of the angelic princess. My heart overflowed with gratitude and I flung myself at her feet and wept like a child. In a voice, tremulous with emotion, she bade me rise and be calm. Then, after a pause, she said:—Don Lucas, I have good news for you. I have discovered your long lost child. *Your Angela is safe!* Oh! Gracious Father of Heaven! could this be true? 'But,' she added, 'you must not see her for some time to come. Be comforted with the fact that she is redeemed and has entered the novitiate among the sisterhood of *Le Bon Pasteur*. It may, perhaps, be a melancholy satisfaction to you to know, also, that her betrayer was killed, more than six months ago, in the mountain passes of Oaxaca, by a band of guerillas, and now you should bury your resentments and the memory of the terrible wrongs you have suffered, in the grave beside him.'

"I rose to depart, but the Empress detained me, saying: 'Henceforth let other thoughts occupy your mind. We seek to give Mexico a government that shall make her the happiest nation in the world; and here, under our auspices, you may lead a life of tranquility and contentment. It is plain that you have been the victim of a wicked conspiracy, to which, no doubt, your own strange conduct contributed some elements of plausibility. But you must seek redress in the tri-unals. Go to the Minister of Justice and he will hear you for my sake. I commend you to the Blessed Virgin. Farewell.'"

IV.

The great clock on the *ayuntamiento* rang out its solemn tones of midnight, and the watchful *serenos* startled the echoes of the silent streets with their cries of "*Alerta!*" "The hours are waning," said Don Lucas, "but my story draws to a close.

"Should I see Angela again or not? I felt that neither of us could bear the trial—that to her it would prove a heart-breaking distraction and to me a revival of all my grief. She was *safe*—nay, REDEEMED, and, it might be, *happy*; whilst I was old, downcast, friendless and without hope! I steeled my heart against the temptation and resolved to leave the City of Mexico, whatever else it might do.

"My first thought was to seek out my delinquent countryman and summon him before the courts. But during my incarceration the *Casa de Locos* he had sold out our establishment, pocketed the proceeds and fled the country. As a last resort I applied to the Minister of Justice. He heard me patiently and advised me to remove from the scene of so many sorrows—at least until the matter could be reached in due course of law. Under these circumstances I gathered the little that remained at my old lodging place in the suburbs and came to Vera Cruz, hoping that the sea air and other changes would revive my drooping spirits. The summons which I received, a few days since, to go to Cordova, was to obtain the decision of the courts, and I left, as you know, full of hope. There was but one point in the case. My unfortunate assumption of another name being in itself fraudulent, the law debarred me from any recovery of my ill-starred investment. Be not wonder, therefore, that I am irretrievably bankrupt. But, thank God," said Don Lucas with emotion, "I am not *homeless;* good Madame Roban has offered me shelter under her roof, and, in consideration of this, I have accepted the vacant post of the *camarista*."

I was astounded at this singular *denouement* of Don Lucas' story, and urged him to accompany me on my journey, feeling assured that I could find him some better employment down the coast, but he was inexorable—*the last cent was gone;* he had given his word to Madame Roban and would not forfeit it.

"Now," said Don Lucas, rising from his chair, "you know the reason why we must part, never to meet again! But," he added sorrowfully, "I will write my name in your note-book, that you may at least remember me." Then turning towards me with tearful eyes, he gave me his hand, and without uttering another word he abruptly left the room!

* * * * *

Two months afterwards I returned to Vera Cruz, and entering the hotel *Gran Sociedad*, my first inquiry was for my unfortunate friend.

"Alas!" said Madame Roban, with a sigh, "the day after you left my poor old *camarista* fell dead with the broom in his hand while sweeping the corridor, and his grave is the first on the left as you enter the gates of the Campo Santo!" THE END.

TALKING UB BROADWAY.—No. 6.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Come, Sharley, leds hurry ub und ve'll go to der Fair—to der Fair of der Amerigan Institude, ofer on der Dird afenue, by Fifdy-nine shdreed. Dey hafe god id dis year in der shkading rink, vere ve vas last vinter, don'd you remember? Vers you come near knocking your prains oud ven you sid down so sudden on der ice—don'd you know? Yes, you do, you Dutch lummax, oney you don'd vand to; you vand to dry und made yourself peleef dot you forgod id. *I* didn'd forgod id dough, Sharley, und efery dime I dink of id I hafe to laff. Didn'd you came down? By Jeeminey beits dot's a vonder you didn'd god a plack eye. You needn'd dry und deny id, Sharley; I god a good memold und I nefer forgid to remember anyding dot I regollect. Vy you hat to sid siteways for a mond afderwards; vat's der use delling me, I cuess I know. Sharley, dey say der fair is shblendid dis year, und we mighd chusd so vell dake id in to-day as but id off. Ve can leaf der shdallion ad Gus Sibbern's dill ve come pack. Mat vill look oud for him, und ve can dook a 2d Afenue car down to 59d shdreed, und den gross ofer do Afenue 3 in von of dem 59d shdreed cars. So come, hurry ub; efery ding is all ready, und ve vill shkade righd along. Der olt horse feels bully to-day, und ven we gid on der afenue we'll gife some of dem a prush und gid avay mit dem doo, or my name aind Oofty. I'm glat colt vedder is comin, cause dere is so much more fun in der vinter as dere is in der summer. Balls und dings—hey, you raskal! how is dot? Leedle olt "Baxder Hobs" und "Amerigus Glup," von ding und anodor; I dell you, Sharley, of ve leef dis vinter ve'll dake dem all in of ve can—gind it? I bed you.

See dot feller in dot coach? Dot's von of der fellers dot raised der fence mit Fisk and shdarted der dog—dot's Fisk—him Fisk, Jr.—und dere is no use dalking, he's healy bapers ven he cuds loose. He is a delfish shmard feller, Sharley, bud he has god a man pehind him dot knows more in a minude as he efer knowed in his life. He makes der bulleds und Fisk fires dem off. He is der von dot is in der brombder's place, und Fisk is der feller dot is oud on der sdage in frond of der orchesdra, facing der moosic. Of anyding rabbens id's all Fisk; of any von makes anyding people say Fisk made it so—bud no, not Fisk vas do dell id he vood have'd to say dot Misder Gould god der pigreed rake. Fisk is sharb und all dot, bud he has god a sheck rein on, und der feller dot is penind him dakes id ub or leds id oud a hole, chust as he vants do. Misder Gould is der Head Cendre, Sharley, und he sends her vere he vants do. You know der olt saying:—"Ub like a shky rocked und down like a shdick?" Vell, you vaid—dime vill dold, und it vont be long nedder. Money dot a feller gid his vife vorgot for—sbend his head or mit his hands—dot makes no difference of he carries a hot or shofes a gwill—nefer does him any goot. Come easy enuff, go easy enuf. Dot's so. "Vot goes ofer der demil's pack comes unter his peily agin." May been dot you don'd peleef id, bud I dell you dot's so, und dere isn'd no gidding oud of id.

Here ve are—gid oud; Matt vill look oud for der horse dill ve come pack. Led's go in der bar room for a minude und see der boys, und ve'll valk down to der cars. Hallo, Gus has god der shdofe ub. Vell, vell, dot looks like pisness; dot looks as of he vas gidding reaty for shlaying und hod viskeys und pisness like dot. Fire, doo; vell id is kind of shilly und dot's a facd. Ain'd id funny, dot of a feller shmells fire in a bar room dot he vill feel colt righd avay, und I don'd care of der shdofe is oney ub vedder dere is any fire in id or not, of a man oney sees id he vill pegin to feel comfordaple. Led's dock a leedle shnood full und gid oud. Here comes Oli Bop Shniffin, und if he gids his finger in der budden hole of my coad he vill buz me dead. He vill pegin do dalk bout "ead," und of dere is anyding in der vide vorld I hade id is dot kind of shin moosic. Bop is a goot feller dough, Sharley, und dere is vorse men as him—in Shdades Brison. Bop ought do pelong do der Pad Men's Assoglashin; he musd vay bout dree hundert, und id's all bork, doo, efery bound of id.

Hurry ub, dere is a car on der shdand, und of ve don'd look oud id vill shdard pefore ve gid dere, und den ve'll hafe do vald some dime pefore anoder von comes up. All righd, ve are in, und dey can leef chusd so soon as dey vand do. Dot's Len Reed's blace ofer dere, Sharley, dot's der gorner of 125d shdreet. Len is a gay poy und he has god a goot many friends. He use do keeb der "Rock Coddage," some dime ago, down on der Bloomingdale Road—der blace dot Jim Hughes use do keeb, you remember him, don'd you? Boor feller, he's died und gone. Sbeer, dere is a blace for you! Vy not ub dere und shdudy oud der pisness of der differend vons—shdudy der shdorys of der lifes? I mean of der peebles riding mit you? Of I cood oney wride like some, I woodn'd vand anyding bedder do wride on dan "A Ride in a Rosirald Car." Shdages are differend from cars, a bedder class—dot is a bedder dressed class—ride in der shdages, as a chenoral ding, und you can'd dell so much aboud dem; bud der cars, Sharley, you can see id all. Anoder ding, id's four cends cheaber.

Of ve hafe no imbedimend in our sbeech, ve vill gid down to 59d Shdreed in a fery shmall vile ad dis rade of goin. I cuess dis feller vas pehind dime on his lasd drip und he's makin id ub now. Some dimes dese cars go like der doose, und oder dimes a shmall shmall he cood bead dem. I'll dell you der vorsde roude for shlow dere is in der coundry—dod's der shdages dot run from 3d afenue ub to Carman's village. I call id der Geoscery Line—dod's poy shood shdard from Johnny Black's in von of dem ven he is nine years olt, he vood be ondidled to a vode by der dime he god ub to der High Pridge—dot is of he vas registered. Dis is 59d shreed und ve are in luck to-day, Sharley; here comes von of der 59d shdreet cars. Ve'll oney hafe a leedle vays to ride in dis pefore ve'll hafe to god oud und dake der dransfer ofer do der 3d afenue. Ve'll hafe do shtand up, Sharley, some lady gids ub und gifes us her sead, und I'm so fraid dey vill. Look

BASE BALL.

MUTUAL vs. ATLANTIC.

A HANDSOME GAME AND A VICTORY FOR THE MUTUALS.

For a number of seasons the contests between the Atlantics and Mutuals have proved to be among the best played games in the annals of our National Game. As a consequence, they have always been looked forward to with increased interest by the admirers of base ball, who have flocked in thousands to witness their favorites contend for the supremacy. The first game of the present match was no exception to the general rule. Although it was not so evenly contested as usual, it was rather a remarkable contest. It attracted several thousand spectators, but resulted unsatisfactorily, at the end of the sixth innings, in a score of 6 to 1 in favor of the Atlantics—a heavy rain storm preventing the conclusion of the game. The second meeting, therefore, was looked forward to with more than usual interest. The day set apart for it, Tuesday, the 19th inst., was one of the coldest and dreariest of the "melancholy days of the year." Nevertheless, some 2,000 spectators were present at the Union ground and the liveliest interest was manifested in the proceedings. Speculation was rather dull previous to the commencement of the game, but once the men got to work betting became very brisk. The odds were on the Atlantics at first, but when it became known that Smith and Crane would not take part in the game, betting became even, and, in some instances, the Mutuals had the call.

The Atlantics having won the toss, took the field. At 2.45, with Martin, of the Eckfords, as umpire, the game began. Hatfield, who led off for the Mutuals, was fielded out by Pike and Smith; E. Mills carried the ball pretty well out to the centre field, and Charley Hunt, who caught it, dropped it, and Mills was safe; Flanly hit a foul into Ferguson's hands; C. Mills made a slashing stroke to the right centre field, which carried him to third base; Swandel gave Pearce a chance to finish the innings for a blank, but Dick muffed the ball; Eggler and Gedney made safe hits and the former scored. The latter was left, however, as Carleton gave Chapman (who was playing third base) an opportunity to field him out at first base, and the innings closed for four runs when there should have been a "whitewash."..... Pearce hit a bounder to Hatfield, who misjudged it, and the striker was safe at first, where he was left, as Brown and Chapman were thrown out by Flanly and Hatfield, and Start fouled out. Wolters commenced the second innings by going out. Pearce to Start; Hatfield, E. Mills, Flanly, C. Mills, Swandel and Gedney all earned first base on hits, and the first five scored; Eggler made a high showy hit to the left field, and Chapman made a handsome one hand catch; Carleton was third out, from Pearce to Start. One, two, three was the order in which the Atlantics went out—Ferguson and Zettlein on fouls to C. Mills, and Hunt from Carleton to E. Mills.

This left the score 9 to 0, with a very bad look for the Atlantics. The third innings resulted in a blank all round. Wolters, who again led off, was again fielded out by Pearce and Start; Hatfield drove a grounder to Pike, who threw to Start; E. Mills made his base on an error of Pike's, but did not get round, as Flanly hit to Brown (who had changed off with Chapman after the first innings), who fielded the ball to second, and the man was out. . . . Pike, McDonald and Pearce all nipped at first from the assistance of Carleton, Flanly and Hatfield, respectively. In the fourth innings the Mutuals made one run, Flanly being the fortunate fellow; C. Mills fouled to Start; Swandel hit a liner to left field, but was forced out at second on Eggler's grounder to Pearce; Gedney earned two bases on a splendid liner to centre field, but Carleton, for his assistance, was last man out, and Gedney was left. . . . Brown flew out to E. Mills; Start made one base on a splendid hit, but was left, as Pearce was flied by Gedney, and Ferguson was taken on a foul fly very prettily by Hatfield.

The next two innings resulted in blank scores on each side. The infield did most of the work; with the exception of a couple of well taken flies by Eggler, all of it was fast, and that was made by Pearce, Pike and Start, in the fifth innings, and McDonald caught a foul bound after a long run. On the Mutual side three of the six outs were by C. Mills, on handsome foul catches.

This state of affairs was rather unexpected by the spectators, who had been sufficiently interested by the sharp play to forget about the cold weather. The sixth blank score for the Atlantics, which had excited so much surprise and wonder as they accumulated, had ceased to be a matter of wonder, and the speculation now seemed to be if they would make any runs at all. In fact so well was each side playing, and so thoroughly were the sympathies of the spectators wrapped up in the good luck of the Mutuals, that the wish seemed to be general that neither side would make any more runs. The eventful seventh innings, however, broke the charm. After a disposing of the Mutuals, without a run, for the fourth time, the Atlantics struck a little streak of batting and made four runs. Start led off and had a narrow escape at first base; Chapman, Ferguson and Hunt followed on safe hits, and all scored; Zettlein fouled out; Pike hit into E. Mills' hands; McDonald earned his base, but did not score, Pearce also fouling out. This unexpected break stirred the spectators up to fever heat, and, until the last hand was out, the excitement ran high. The lead of ten runs which the Mutuals had held was really so insignificant when the uncertainties of the game are calculated, and could so easily be swept away in one or two innings, that many expected to see the Atlantics on even terms with their adversaries at the end of the seventh innings. But they were doomed to disappointment. Still, with the score 10 to 4, and two innings yet to play, there were hands only in the Atlantic field who did not feel considerably encouraged. The excitement was renewed when, on the eighth innings, the Mutuals were again retired without scoring—the feature of the innings' fielding being another double play by Pearce, Pike and Start. Brown led off for the Atlantics, and, for the first time, hit safely, the effort being greeted with cheers. Start made a terrific hit to the right field, and the suspense was great till Gedney caught the ball; Chapman drove the ball into Hatfield's hands, and in the latter's anxiety to out off Brown and make a double play he threw wild to Flanly, and, amid the greatest excitement, brown made his third base and finally stole home. The chances were now for another break by the Atlantics, and two or three well hit balls would have made a great difference in the game. But the next two strikers—Ferguson and Hunt—were unequal to the occasion, and both fell victims to E. Mills—the former on the fly and the latter on a well stopped and accurately thrown ball by Carleton. This was a great relief to the betting men who had wagered on the success of the Mutuals, and there was cheering by the partisans of the New Yorkers.

Another innings was to be played, yet, however, and there was another chance for the Atlantics. They had done their best, however, and their last innings did not increase their score. The Mutuals added two more runs to their totals on good hitting, Eggler and Gedney being the lucky ones. Wolters and Hatfield made their bases, but the former was forced out at second on the latter's hit, and Hatfield himself was nicely put out at second on Ferguson's throw to Pike. The Atlantics were quickly disposed—all on fly catches by Hatfield. McDonald alone made his base, but was left.

As before remarked, the game was one of the best played of the season. With the exception of the first innings the Mutuals earned all the runs they made, and Hatfield's wild throw in the eighth innings was the only poor play which did the Atlantics any good. The bad defeat of the Atlantics was due, in a great measure, to the admirable judgment which Wolters displayed in delivering the ball. Since the last match with the Stars, when the latter were so thoroughly outwitted by the Jerseyman, Wolters has become convinced that half of the game lies in "tricky" pitching. To this end he delivers the ball with less force, and the result is that there are more chances offered for fly catches and foul balls. This style of pitching is particularly effective with the Atlantic batters, who generally hit quick, and are more easily deceived. As an evidence of the correctness of this theory it is only necessary to refer to the fielding score, by which it will be seen that eighteen hands were lost on flys and fouls. The following score will give all further particulars:—

MUTUAL.	H.	R.	Is.	T.	ATLANTIC.	H.	R.	Is.	T.
Hatfield, 2d b	3	1	2	2	Pearce, s s	4	0	0	0
E. Mills, 1st b	3	1	2	2	Brown, 2 b	4	1	1	1
Flanly, 2d b	3	2	2	2	Start, 1st b	3	1	2	2
C. Mills, c	3	2	3	4	Chapman, l f	2	1	1	1
Swandel, l f	3	2	2	2	Ferguson, c	3	1	1	1
Eggler, c f	3	1	1	1	Hunt, c f	3	1	1	1
Gedney, r f	1	1	1	5	Zettlein, p	4	0	0	0
Carleton, s s	3	0	1	2	Pike, 3d b	4	0	0	0
Wolters, p	4	0	1	0	McDonald, r f	3	0	0	2
Totals	27	12	13	20	Totals	27	5	8	10

Innings	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	4	0	0	3	0	0	0	4	1—12
Atlantics	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	0—5

Fly catches—Hatfield, 4; E. Mills, 2; Flanly, 4; C. Mills, 3; Eggler, 2; Gedney, 1—total, 15. Pearce, 1; Start, 1; Chapman, 1; Ferguson, 3; Zettlein, 1; Pike, 1—total, 8. Foul balls caught—C. Mills, 3; Start, 1; Ferguson, 1; McDonald, 1. Base play—Put out by E. Mills, 9; assisted by Hatfield, 2; Flanly, 1; Carleton, 5. Put out by Start, 12; Pike, 8; assisted by Pearce, 1; Brown, 1; Chapman, 1; Ferguson, 1; Zettlein, 2. Pike, Pearce, Brown, Pike—Pearce, Pike and Start, 2. Left on bases—C. Mills, 1; Gedney, 2; Carleton, 1; Start, 1; McDonald, 1. Out on fouls—Mutual, 5; Atlantic, 9. Umpire—Mr. Martin, of the Eckford Club. Scorers—Messrs. Wilder and Simonson. Time of game—Two hours.

PACIFIC TOUR OF THE "RED STOCKINGS."

CINCINNATI vs. MARION.

We gave last week all the games of the "Red Stocking" tour, save the last one at Indianapolis, with the Marion Club, which we append. H. Wright, Brainard and G. Wright alternated as pitchers, and Allison and Waterman as catchers. The score:—

CINCINNATI.	H.	R.	Is.	T.	MARION.	H.	R.	Is.	T.
G. Wright	3	2	6	13	Hobson	4	0	2	2
Gould	2	3	6	11	Norwood	4	1	2	3
Waterman	3	2	7	10	Dean	3	1	0	0
Allison	3	2	7	4	Williams	4	0	2	0
H. Wright	3	4	3	6	Russell	4	1	2	0
Leonard	3	2	6	6	H. Jones	3	0	0	0
Brainard	2	3	5	6	H. Jones	3	0	0	0
Sweasy	3	2	7	14	Bouser	3	0	0	0
McVey	3	2	7	7	Anderson	4	0	2	2
Totals	27	23	50	77	Total	37	4	5	5

Innings	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	h
Cincinnati	2	4	5	6	21	5	4	3	3	—4
Marion	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	—4

CLUB AND INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

We present below tables, first of the total runs of the Cincinnatis and their opponents, and then the average of the playing nines. Two games actually played are not counted, but they were picked nines, in one of which the Forkites were divided and pitted against each other. The fractions are reduced to decimals:—

CLUB AVERAGES.

	Runs.		Runs.
Sept. 15—Cincinnati	73	Union, St. Louis, Mo	9
Sept. 16—Cincinnati	31	Empire, St. Louis, Mo	14
Sept. 25—Cincinnati	33	Eagles, San Francisco, Cal	4
Sept. 27—Cincinnati	58	Eagles, San Francisco, Cal	4
Sept. 28—Cincinnati	68	Pacific, San Francisco, Cal	3
Sept. 30—Cincinnati	54	Pacific, San Francisco, Cal	5
Oct. 1—Cincinnati	76	Atlantic, San Francisco, Cal	3
Oct. 11—Cincinnati	65	Omahas, Nebraska, T. Ter	5
Oct. 13—Cincinnati	56	Otoes, Nebraska City, N. Ter	3
Oct. 14—Cincinnati	51	Occidental, Quincy, Ill	7
Oct. 15—Cincinnati	63	Marion, Indianapolis, Ind	4
Total	572	Total	59

Average—Cincinnati, 56 82-10; Opponents, 5 45-100.

PLAYERS' AVERAGES.

Players.	H.	L.	R.	A.	T.
George Wright	Total	19	85	93	139
	Average	1-73	7-76	7-84	12-64
Chas. H. Gould	Total	35	69	89	113
	Average	3-18	6-09	8-09	10-27
Fred Waterman	Total	30	71	61	113
	Average	2-63	6-45	5-45	10-09
D. Allison	Total	31	65	58	93
	Average	2-60	5-40	4-83	7-75
H. Wright	Total	31	64	61	109
	Average	2-63	5-33	5-08	9-08
A. J. Leonard	Total	25	62	45	90
	Average	2-18	5-45	3-72	8-18
Asa Brainard	Total	29	73	70	84
	Average	2-39	6-08	5-83	7-00
Chas. Sweasy	Total	39	66	55	113
	Average	2-45	5-50	3-43	10-72
G. A. McVey	Total	32	75	69	103
	Average	2-90	6-81	6-27	9-36

THE CONFIDENCE CLUB, of New Rochelle, N. Y., challenge the following junior clubs:—Keystone, Warren, Wyoming, Rekford (of the Battery), Monmark, of New York, and Independents, of Williamsburgh. Communications addressed to F. Wendling, Jr., New Rochelle, will be attended to.

CINCINNATI vs. ATHLETICS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE "RED STOCKINGS."

The great return game between the Athletics, of Philadelphia, and the Cincinnatis, took place on the Union Grounds, Cincinnati, on the 18th. The day was bright, but cool, and the audience filled every portion of the grounds, there being probably eight thousand persons present. The Athletics played their best nine of the season, McBride pitching and Radcliff catching. The "Red Stocking" nine were all on hand, though Harry Wright had been sick in bed for a day or two. A rumor that he could not play was circulated about town during the morning, and created quite a consternation among those who had been laying odds against the visitors, particularly when it was known that Dickey McBride was to pitch. John L. Boake, of the Buckeyes, was chosen umpire; Cincinnatis winning the toss and sending the Athletics to the bat.

FIRST INNINGS.—At twenty minutes past two Al. Reach took the ash and went to first on called balls, and then made 3d on a passed ball. McBride sent him home by a sharp one which Waterman let slip. Cuthbert sent one short of McVey, which bounded over the latter, sent Dick to 3d and himself took two bags. Fisler was flied by Waterman. Sensenderfer hit to short centre and McBride came in, Cuthy to 3d. Sensy tried to steal and was put out at second, but Cuthbert got home. McMullin hit a nice daisy cutter over to second base, making one bag. He was left when Foran's high fly was snatched in by Harry Wright—three runs....."Red Stockings"—Geo. Wright barely made first on a feeble run to Reach and stole second nicely, then third and reached home on passed ball. Gould took first on a hit to short centre, and made second on passed ball. Waterman hit a solid corker to Berry, who held it. Gould to third on a passed ball. Allison was flied by Cuthy. Gould in on a passed ball—rough on Radcliff. H. Wright made first on a little one over second base, which Reach clawed for in vain. Leonard sent him to third, taking first, on a hit passed first. Brainard took three bags on a splendid hit to right centre. Sweasy brought him in, got first legitimately and second on a bad throw of Reach's. Sweas was left when McVey was taken on a foul bound by Radcliff. Five runs.

SECOND INNINGS.—Radcliff to second on a fair one to left foul field. Berry was nicely fled by Sweasy. Reach was served with the same dish by Waterman. McBride was well fielded out by Waterman's throw to first, Radcliff left, and nary run.....Geo. Wright took three bags on a heavy hit through Berry's clutches. Gould's foul fly fell to Foran's share. Waterman was flied by Reach. George Wright gave an acrobatic exhibition between third and home, assisted by Messrs. McBride and Radcliff. Allison sent him home at last, and reached first on a hit over second. A passed ball took him to second. Harry took first by the skin of his teeth, after hitting to Reach, who dropped it. Leonard sent Allison and H. Wright, and got to first on a hit to right. Leonard tried to steal second, but was caught by Radcliff's throw to Reach. Three runs. Score, 8 to 3, in favor of the Western club.

THIRD INNINGS.—Cuthy was called to first, and went to third on a passed ball and then in when Fisler made first on a grounder between first and second. Sensenderfer next lifted a fourly, which Waterman did not allow to reach mama earth; McMullin dittoed Fisler's hit, giving the latter third base and taking first; Foran hove a short fly to right field, which McVey ran for like a quarter horse, but pitched onto his nose just as he came to it; this was the only muffed fly on Mac's side, and was due to this accident; McMullin took second on this stroke and the striker first; Radcliff drove a smasher to Waterman, who cut off McMullin, Raddy getting his base and Foran second; Berry, on a heavy run to right field, cleared the bags and made third, and Reach sent him home by a hit to right, but was left when McBride's fly fell to Geo. Wright's lot. Five runs.....Reach's throw to Fisler disposed of Brainard; Sweasy sent a sky rocket buzzing straight up, and when it came down Radcliff was there; McVey bounded a ball over Al Reach, making first; Geo. Wright, on a splendid crack to extreme right, made the first home run of the day; Gould's grounder past short earned him first; Waterman sent him in on a safe one to right, and was himself treated to the same courtesy by Allison, who made a home run on a tremendous corker clear to left field fence; H. Wright to first on a grounder to left, and was credited with a left on base by Leonard's foul tip being taken with one hand by Radcliff. Five runs. Score, 13 to 8. Up to this time the batting had been safe and heavy on both sides, though much in favor of the red legg'd youths.

FOURTH INNINGS.—Cuthbert "flewed" by G. Wright. Waterman made a good stop of Fisler's stinger and retired the little 'un at first. Sensenderfer hit in the same direction and made his base, and then stole second, where he was left when McMullin seated H. Wright's skin at centre fielding by a very high fly. Nixie for the "furriners".....Brainard to first on a hit past that base. Sweasy slathered a hot bounder to Reach, who touched his own bag daintily, to Brainard's sorrow, and passed the buckskin to Fisler, to Sweasy's disgust. Some tall yelling at this nice exhibition of the doubling biz. McVey then roused up a very insignificant fly, which Foran clutched like grim death, and thus nothing came of nothing in innings number four.

FIFTH INNINGS.—Foran hit over second, took first and then stole second; Radcliff's sharp, foul tip was taken about two and one half inches from the bat by that man, Allison; Berry's fly was taken by G. Wright—that "busy B." Reach popped a smack at G. Wright, who threw too low to Gould, and Al. scratched his base, Foran getting to 3d, but the latter tried the stealing process once too often and was run out by Brainard and Waterman, a third blank for Philadelphia.....G. Wright's grounder to centre gave him a base and he stole second; Gould flied by Reach, Waterman likewise treated by Sensy, in centre—a good catch; G. Wright to third on passed ball; Allison hit hard to Foran, who made a motion to throw to Fisler, when Geo. Wright started homeward and the ball was then passed to McBride at the home plate. After an exhibition of circus acting between the three artists, which gave Allison second, George managed to score; Harry Wright was flied, however, by that inevitable young man in the centre field, with the lengthy Teutonic name, and Allison was left. One run. Score, 14 to 8.

SIXTH INNINGS.—Leonard took a big fly from Radcliffe in good style; Berry sent a hot 'un straight into Gould's fists, and that Berryed him for the inning. Reach hit to second, and Sweasey settled him at first. Whitewash No. 4.....Leonard out on tip foul bound; Brainard ditto; Sweasey's bounder over Reach allowed him his first; McVey's daisy cutter to right field sent Sweas home, and the striker to first; George Wright then hit a soft one to McMullin at short—a *very* "soft one" for George—and poor Mac was victimized at second. One run. Score, 15 to 8.

SEVENTH INNINGS.—Dicky McBride got three bags legitimately on a fine corker to left field; Cuthbert flied by Leonard in left field, with Mac home; Fisler tipped out; Sensenderfer flied by the sound little man in left field, Andrew Jackson Leonard, yclept one run.....George Wright's left field tout was nicely taken on the bound by Cuthbert; Gould tipped out; Waterman hit to McMullin, who gave the ball to Fisler in time—a blank. Score, 15 to 9.

EIGHTH INNINGS.—McMullen's grounder to Waterman was well fielded to Gould, Mack coming back disgusted. Foran hit well past third, earning two bags. A passed ball took him to third. Radcliff, forgetting the lesson he had received in the sixth innings, hove an immense fly to left field, which Leonard backed down for, and took in magnificent style, Foran coming in. Berry, who is nothing of a mash-Berry, but on the contrary, a Berry hard striker, took second on a heavy hit to centre. However, when Reach's tip was taken right off the bat by Allison, his desponding frowns seemed wrinkles to our reporter, who described him as an elder-Berry, which was a gross error. One more run.....Allison flied by McBride; H. Wright got second, after hitting to Foran, whose throw was not precise, nor was Fisler's catch a catch at all, but a muff. Leonard flied by Fisler; Wright to third on passed ball; Brainard gave him his score, and took first on a little hit to right. Sweasy flied by Foran. One run. Score, 16 to 10.

NINTH AND LAST.—McBride drove a stinging hot 'un to G. Wright, and was retired at first. Cuthbert made first on a hit near the same *locale*, and stole second. Fisler suffered exactly as had McBride. Sensy hit past third, and got to second, with Cuthbert in. McMullin, on a good, daisy cutter between the first two bases, took his first, and sent Mr. Sensenderfer home. Foran sent a high fly to left field, which was hauled by Andrew J., and thus stopped the Athletics' score, four behind on the odd innings. Two runs.....McVey's fly was beautifully taken on the run by Sensenderfer. G. Wright, on a beautiful low drive to centre field, earned his first base for the second time during the game. Gould was allowed first by McMullin's poor throw of his grounder. But he was left as Waterman was flied by Reach, and Allison fouled out. One run. Score, 17 to 12.

It was a beautiful game. The day was cool—just the kind of one for heavy batting and excusable misses. The batting was there, but not the muffing. The pitching and catching on each side was splendid. Brainard is a little swifter than McBride, but in judgment and precision there is little to choose between them. Radcliff had more passed balls considerably than Allison, but both caught and threw to bases admirably. Sensenderfer and Leonard had the most opportunities in the out-field and received the most applause, but the fielding on both sides was excellent, as it must have been to keep down the score of such heavy batters so well. The batting of the "Red Stockings" was rather the heaviest, they taking credit for three home runs, while the Athletics could only make three bases on their best drives. It was a game in which neither side could afford to throw away a chance; was played cautiously, and the victors earned their laurels by the sweat of their brows. This makes the fifty-eighth game and victory for the "Red Stockings" this season. They are vain enough to think this almost as creditable as being champions. Boake, the umpire, deserves especial mention for the spirit of fairness in which his rulings were made. He evidently labored under the fear of being considered friendly to the home club and started off by sending Reach to his base on called balls. The audience, too, deserves the compliment of a mention in the CLIPPER for the impartiality of their applause. The "Grand Duchess" and club house were reserved for ladies, who completely filled them. The following is the score:—

CINCINNATI.	H.	R.	Is.	T.	ATHLETIC.	H.	R.	Is.	T.
G. Wright, ss	1	5	4	10	Reach, 2d b	3	1	1	1
Gould, 1st b	3	3	3	2	McBride, p	3	3	1	3
Waterman, c	3	1	1	7	Cuthbert, c f	2	3	2	1
Allison, c	3	2	3	5	Fisler, 1st b	4	1	1	1
H. Wright, l f	1	3	5	3	Sensenderfer, c f	3	1	1	3
Leonard, p	4	1	1	1	McMullen, s s	3	0	2	3
Brainard, 2d b	3	1	3	5	Foran, 3d b	3	0	1	2
Sweasy, 3d b	3	1	1	1	Radcliff, c	3	1	1	2
McVey, r f	4	1	2	3	Berry, r f	3	1	2	5
Totals	27	17	19	30	Totals	27	13	14	23

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Cincinnati	5	3	5	0	1	1	0	1	1—17
Athletic	3	0	3	0	1	1	1	2	—13

Flies caught—Cincinnati, 15; Athletic, 11. Home runs—Cincinnati, 5; Athletic, 0. Umpire—John Boake, Buckeye Club. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

UNION vs. EMPIRE.

At the Elysian Fields, on the 20th, the Unions, of Morrisania, with only eight men, met and vanquished the veteran Empires. The game did not excite much interest and the attendance was slim. The Unions gained a strong lead in the first few innings, but toward the finish the Empires rallied and closed up the gap, and the last innings was quite exciting. The score is appended:—

UNION.	H.	L.	R.
Goldie, 1st b	4	1	
Sherry, r f	3	3	
Price, c f	3	3	
Austin, 2d b	4	1	
Lyons, p	3	1	
Whelan, 3d b	4	1	
Reynolds, l f	3	4	
Carney, c	3	5	
Total	27	17	

EMPIRE.	H.	L.	R.
Kelly, l f	3	3	
Higgins, 2d b	3	3	
Griffin, r f	3	3	
Bennett, 3d b	3	3	
Preach, 1st b	3	3	
Murphy, s s	3	3	
L. Miller, p	3	3	
Voege, c f	3	3	
J. Miller, c	3	3	
Total	27	27	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	h
Unions	3	4	1	3	1	1	1	1	2	—17
Empires	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Umpire—Mr. Vincent, of the Oecham C'ub.

MUTUAL vs. GRAMERCY.—The return game of this series came off at the Union Ground, on the 23d, and terminated in another victory for the Mutuals. Score by innings:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	h
Mutual	3	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	—8
Gramercy	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

NATIONAL vs. OLYMPIC.

The return game of the second series between these two clubs took place at Washington, D. C., Oct. 18th, resulting in a defeat of the Nationals and a winning of the series by the Olympics. Ever since their organization the Olympics have been ambitious to win a series from the Nationals, but never succeeded in getting even a ball until this season. Early in the year a series was commenced, when the Nationals won the first game. The Olympics, thinking to take a little practice, made a trip to the west and east, and returned strengthened by the playing, having an acquisition in Hurley, formerly of the "Red Stockings." The Nationals, in the meantime, were doing nothing, being short a regular pitcher; yet, on the return of the Olympics, they came into the second game confidently, but were defeated by a score of 20 to 17. The third game was soon played, and again the Nationals were the losers, this time by a score of 42 to 18. They then secured the services of Osborne, of Poughkeepsie, who was an effective pitcher, and had he been well supported, the Nationals would have had a strong team. The second series was announced, and then it was that the practice of the Olympics with the "Red Stockings" showed best, for they won the game by a score of 23 to 9. The second game had long been pending. In the meanwhile both clubs had been playing other matches, each winning balls. Finally Williams and Fletcher came back on the nine and played in the Eckford match. So ably supported was Williams that the Nationals were victors. This brought the National stock up again, and every one desired to see the two clubs meet in the second game of the second series. The day was fixed for the match and expectation was on tip-toe. The Nationals, feeling they had much at stake, strained every nerve for the occasion, and early announced that Pabor, the man whom they had advertised to appear twice before, would be on hand to play centre field and to pitch, if the Olympics could bat Williams. This set them above par and the betting was largely in their favor through the city, though some old heads thought the plucky "Blue Legs" would hold their own. The Olympics made no extra preparation, feeling confident of their own ability to win. The day for the match came, and, with it, to the grounds, came over 3,000 spectators, friends of both clubs—all anxious for the game. Both nines repeatedly urged Mr. Robert Drinkard, of the Unions, to act as umpire, relying on his well known impartiality, and he finally consented to fill the position. It was evident, however, that practice alone makes perfect and that the best of men will sometimes err in judgment. The game commenced at 3.10 P. M., and was interesting and exciting all through; especially was it so in the last three innings. Of the playing of the two nines but little in praise can be said, though the fielding of the Olympics was almost perfect. The Nationals started off with wild throwing, which gave the Olympics seven runs and eventually lost them the game. Though both sides played sharply, toward the close, wild pitching was abundant. The fielding was very good, Holley making a fine, swift running catch. Robinson taking one, and Hurley one, well out in the field. Malone played well in his position, not having a passed ball, and taking two foul tips with his left hand. Fox and Forker played badly. Williams pitched well, but seemed afraid to get a ball in the right spot. Leech pitched all around. Pabor was sent in to pitch in the fifth innings, and his lightning delivery was loudly applauded, while the Olympics were simply astounded, and could not hit him at all. This astonished all through the result might have been different, though many bases would have been given on called balls. The batting was nearly even, though the Nationals made more bases. The base play of Coughlin, Force and Reach was very fine. It is plain that the Olympics won the game by good playing, assisted by the poor play of the Nationals. The Olympics play a steady game, while the Nationals go by spurts. Had they played steadily from the first, they would have won the game. Of the fielding errors, eight out of nine committed by the Nationals affected the result, while but one out of the three by the Olympics counted against them. These errors do not include wild pitches. The game was not very satisfactory, and the Nationals want to try another series, but the Olympics decline at present. Below we append the score:—

NATIONAL.	H.	L.	R.	1st	2.	T.	L.	OLYMPIC.	H.	L.	R.	1st	2.	T.	L.
Fox, 2d b	4	1	1	1	0			Force, 3d b	4	3	1	2	2		
Forker, 1st b	3	2	3	4	0			Leech, p	4	2	1	1	1		
Coughlin, s s	3	2	1	1	0			Malone, c	3	2	1	1	1		
Holley, 3d b	3	0	1	5	2			Reach, 1st b	3	1	1	1	1		
Birdsall, c	2	1	0	0	1			Leslie, c f	4	0	1	1	1		
Studley, l f	3	2	1	2	0			Hurley, 2d b	3	1	0	0	0		
Holley, r f	3	1	1	1	0			Goodwin, p	3	0	0	0	0		
Pabor, c f	4	0	0	0	0			Young, r f	3	2	1	1	0		
Williams, p	3	1	1	1	0			Robinson, l f	4	1	1	1	0		
Totals	24	11	11	13	4			Totals	34	13	9	11	6		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
National	1	0	2	0	1	3	3	0	—11
Olympic	7	1	3	1	0	0	1	0	—13

Fly catches—Forker, 3; Fox, 2; Coughlin, 1; Williams, 1; Birdsall, 3; Studley, 1; Holley 1—12. Billings, 1; Hurley, 2; Malone, 3; Robinson, 1; Leslie, 1—8. Base play—Put out by—Forker, 8; Fox, 1; Shelly, 1—10; assisted by—Fox 2; Coughlin, 4; Williams, 1; Pabor, 2—9. Out—Billings, 1; assisted by—Hurley 1; Force, 4; Reach, 4; Leech 1—10. Double plays—Coughlin, Fox and Forker, 1; Hurley and Billings, 1. Umpire—Mr. Robert Brinkard, Union B. B. C. Scorers—Messrs. Potts and Miller. Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes.

MUTUAL vs. LOWELL.

The Mutuals, of Springfield, Mass., encountered the Lowells, of Boston, on the 20th inst., and were defeated by the score below presented:—

MUTUAL.	H.	L.	R.	LOWELL.	H.	L.	R.
Field, r f	4	1		Rogers, p	4	1	
Cornell, 1 f	5	0		Joslin, 3 b	4	1	
Shaw, 2d b	4	1		Aline, 1 b	3	2	
Gibbons, s s	4	1		Simmons, 2d b	4	2	
Kellogg, c	4	1		Mason, 1st b	3	2	
Bonang, c f	4	1		Bradbury, c	3	2	
Kelly, 3d b	3	0		Dillingham, s s	2	4	
Emerson, 1st b	3	1		Briggs, c f	1	5	
Beach, p	3	0		Newton, r f	4	1	
Total	38	7		Total	33	21	

Innings	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	h
Mutual	0	1	0	2	0	1	0	2	1	—7
Lowell	4	0	0	2	0	6	2	4	0	—18

Umpire—Henry S. Jones, of the Tri-Mountain Club. Scorers—G. B. Appleton and C. F. Sedgwick.

HARVARD vs. MUTUAL.

The Harvard Club obtained a great victory over the Mutuals, of Springfield, on the 19th, the contest taking place on the Union grounds, Boston. We present the score:—

MUTUAL.	H.	L.	R.	HARVARD.	H.	L.	R.
Morris, c f	5	0		Eustis, r f	1	5	
Kennedick, l f	4	1		Wells, c	3	2	
Shaw, 2d b	4	1		Perrin, 1st b	5	1	
Gibbons, r f	1	0		Rush, c	6	1	
Kellogg, c	4	0		Austin, s	1	5	
Donavan, s s	4	0		Goodwin, p	3	5	
Kelly, 3d b	4	0		Reynolds, 3d b	5	2	
Emerson, 1st b	2	0		White, 2d b	4	0	
Beach, p	1	0		Minot, l f	2	2	
Total	29	1		Total	30	23	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Harvard	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Umpire—F. B. Dillingham, Lowell Club. Scorers—A. M. Barrows and C. F. Sedgwick. Time of game—One hour

THEATRICAL RECORD.

More News, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Halls, Theatres, etc., to Rent.

For particulars see advertisements in the CLIPPER.

Altoona, Pa.—"Frank Rivers' Opera House"—R. A. O. Kerr & Co.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Frank Rivers' Opera House"—R. H. Meyers.
Louisville, Ky.—"Wiesiger Hall"—Will S. Hays.
Erie, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—Wm. J. Sell & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—"Kaylor Hall"—D. Kaylor.
Hartford, Conn.—"Roberts' Opera House"—W. W. Roberts.
Moline, Ill.—"Dunn's Hall"—Thomas Dunn.
Akron, Ohio—"Sumner's New Opera House"—Sumner & Abbey.
Chicago, Ill.—"Library Hall"—John Robson.
Laramie City, W. T.—"National Theatre"—A. Trabing.
Sparta, Wis.—"Greve's Opera House"—W. K. Briggs.
Battle Creek, Mich.—"Hamblin's Opera House"—A. C. Hamblin.
Petroleum Center, Pa.—"Sobel's Opera House"—S. Sobel.
Dayton, Ohio—"Huston Hall"—J. K. Huston.
Providence, R. I.—"Harrington's Opera House"—C. N. Harrington & Co.
Wellington, Ohio—"Franks' Hall"—H. B. Franks.
Dayton, Ohio—"Becket Opera House"—J. S. Church.
Catskill, N. Y.—"Meech's Hall"—J. H. Meech.
Peru, Ill.—"Concordia Hall"—Paul Boehme.
Hartford, Conn.—Allyn Hall"—T. M. Allyn.
Baltimore, Md.—"Concordia Opera House"—S. Sondershof.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Metropolitan Hall"—W. H. Leake.
New Castle, Pa.—"Jefferson Hall."—Jos. B. McKee.
Rock Island, Ill.—"Negus Hall"—J. Negus.
Fort Plain, N. Y.—"Defendorf Hall"—S. Keller.
Peoria, Ill.—"Kruse's Opera House"—R. Rouse.
Greenport, N. Y.—"Continental Hall"—C. Etheridge.
Rome, N. Y.—"Smith's Opera House"—A. J. Sink.
Biddeford, Me.—"Shaw's Opera House"—Capt. Ivory Goodwin.
Monmouth, Ill.—"Harris Hall"—C. Hardin.
Susquehanna, Pa.—"Truesdell's Hall"—J. G. Brewer.
Reading, Pa.—"Keystone Opera House"—D. P. Lush.
East Saginaw, Mich.—"Metropolitan Hall"—J. L. Davis.
Fostoria, O.—"Rogers's Hall"—M. W. Rooney.
Bowling Green, Ky.—"Odeon Hall"—Jas. F. Hackney.

Theatrical Goods Dealers, Show Bill Printers, etc.

For particulars see advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Show Bill Printers.—J. E. Jackson, Ledger Job Office, Phil., Pa.
Clarry & Reilly, 12, 14 and 16 Spruce st., N.Y.
W. H. Wade & Co., Evs. News Job Office, Richmond, Va.
Terry Brothers, 13 Spruce street N. Y.
Alex. Calhoun, Printing Works, Hartford, Ct.
Wood Engravers.—Doyiance & Purcell, 105 Nassau street, N. Y.
Theatrical Goods.—Shannon, Miller & Crane, 46 Malden Lane, N. Y.
R. S. Kent, 173 Bowery, N. Y.
Vanderlip & Taylor, 96 Bowery, N. Y.
Geo. S. Taurber, 129 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 19 Maiden Lane N.Y.
Theatrical Showcutters.—Somers & Nestrock, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
Jig and Clog Dancing.—W. S. Haskell, 576 Broadway, N. Y.
Jno. Bogan, 130 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Musical Instruments.—Boosey & Co., 644 Broadway, N. Y.
Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 261 Bowery, N. Y.
John Bogan, as above.
Theatrical Agents.—Lowell & Simmonds, 639 Broadway, N. Y.
Thompson & Riggs, 512 Broadway, N. Y.
Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
John Hanley, 630 Broadway N. Y.
Jas. G. Burnett & Co., 149 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
Ball Posters.—P. C. Backus, Erie, Pa.
Pyrhonatic Lights.—McLewee & Putnam, 261 Broadway, N. Y.
Circus Tents, &c.—Marun & Son, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass.

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—14th street corner of Irving place.—Admission $1. No extra charge for reserved seats; Family Circle, 50c.; Private Boxes, from $11 to $6. Doors open at 7, commences at 8

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 2d and 4th ave nues.—Orchestra, 75c.; Parquet, 50c; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commence at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c; Parquet, 50c; Second Circle, 35c., Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Orchestra and Dress Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—General Admission, 50c.; Orchestra Chairs, Balcony and Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c; Private Boxes (4 persons), $6; Proscenium Boxes (5 persons), $10. Matinee Prices—General Admission, 35c.; Second Seats, 75c; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7. commences at 2½ and 8.

NEW YORK CIRCUS—14th street, between 5d and 4th avenues.—Admission 75c. and 50c. Children, 25c.; to Reserved Seats, 50c. Doors open at 2 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Bronce street. Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet Circle and Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1.30 and 7.30 commences at 2 and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50, Reserved, in Dress Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c; Family Circle, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 50c; Balcony Seats, for matinee, $1. Doors open at 12, commences at 1½ and 7.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—Orchestra Chairs, $1; Parquet, 75c; Gallery, 50c.; Private Boxes, $6. Doors open at 7, commence at 8.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.—Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c.; Gallery 25c.; Orchestra and Balcony Chairs, $1; Private Boxes, $6 and $5. Doors open at 1½ and 6½, commences at 2 and 8.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street.—Reserved Seats, 75c.; Parquet 35c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5 and $3. Doors open at 2 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

TAMMANY—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—General admission 50c.; Reserved Seats, 25c extra; Orchestra Chairs, 50c. extra. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

THEATRE FRANCAIS—14th street near 6th avenue.—Closed.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Broadway corner of 13th street.—Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet, 75c; Dress Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commence at 8.

WAVERLEY THEATRE—Broadway near Fourth street.—Orchestra, 75c.; Circle, 50c.; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street.—Matinee—Museum and Family Circle, 35c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet 50c.; Museum and Reserved Seats, 75c. Evening—Museum and Family Circle 50c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet 75c.; Museum and Reserved Seats in Dress Circle or Parquet 75c.; Museum and Orchestra or Balcony Chairs, $1. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Performance commences at 2 and 8.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business allowed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Arlington, Wm.	Harrison Charles	Smith, Benjamin
Abbott, Chas	Hartel, J. E.	Skill, M. T. (2)
Armstrong R. H	Hanley, M. W.	Searvy, L. W.
Abdallah, Ali Ben	Hart, Billy	Salsfeld, John (2)
Bell Brothers,	Heywood, James	Shirley, Eugene
Bachelor,	Hanlon Brothers	Stanley, W. E.
Beane, George	Holtum, Herr	Sweet, O. P.
Bates, Andy J.	Howard, Charles L.	St. Leon, Harry
Barron, William B.	Holler, Andrew	Stein Harry F.
Burdean, W. H.	Hanly, Martin	Sands Dick
Baker James O.	Johnson, James	Saxson, Guss
Bowman, John	Jacks n, T. E.	Taylor, W. H.
Buchanan, McKean	Kanane, Mike	Terry, Willie
Conlins James	Lipman, Mike	Tourner, Henry P.
Church, Charles L.	Lee, George	Tait, Harry
Calice, Miron G.	LaRue, D. C.	Williams, Charles
Clover, Charlie	Lang, Joe	White, Sam
Cobb Whis (2)	La Rue, Alphonse	Watson, Fred.
Cauuland, Harry	Linyard, Wm. K.	Wardell, Harry
Cohen, Frank	Leon de Leon,	Wren, Oliver
Chaplin, Leon P.	Meldrum, R. S.	Willis, Richard
De Haven, Olando	Melville, James	Widmer, Harry
Dupree & Benedict,	McNeil, Archie	Whitman, Charles
Davies, A. W. (2)	Maynard, H. W.	Warner, Cal.
Dickson, Charles	McManus, John	Woodward, Lew
Dawson, Charles	Morris Brothers	Arozonia, Madam
Denier, Tony	Macdonough, W. J.	Arlington, May
Derrin, (2)	Mac, Little	Berger Annie
Donaldson, Frank	Masterson, Pat	De Lee Julia
Ellinger, Col Wm.	Mayo, Frank	Delamo n, M. C.
Edwards, Alfred	Martain Master	Donelle, La Jeune (2)
Edmonds, Billie (2)	Morris, Lew	Edwards, Nellie
France & Lannier,	Mack, Geo. Jr.	Ethel, Armes
Fox, Wm. B. (2)	Morris, G. O.	Freeman, Susie D.
Forbes, Charles	Morley, G. W	Gibbons, H.
French, J. H.	Norris, Joseph	Gowan, Jennie
Fyffe, Charles J.	Ogden, C	Keene Laura
Fortesque, Geo R.	Owens, Thomas	Leon, Maggie
Forrester, N. C	Purcell, A. W. (2)	Miller, Albertine
Greenlick, Arthur W.	Pastor, Tony	Mitchell, Nellie
Fields, George	Parmelee, D. E.	McClellan, Frankie
Fabien, John	Picolo.	Partington, Kate
Forrest, Charles	Peak Family,	Powell, Lee
Gifford, H.	Pastor, Sam	Palmer, Agnes
Gurr, Harry	Robinson, William	Sheldon, Ella
Gleason, Charles P.	Rogers, H. M.	Steadman, Lizzie
Gliday & D-Hart,	Reeves, Billy	Stephens, Lottie
Green, J. S. (2)	Richards, Warren	Taylor, Nellie
Gordon, Kelean.	Roberts, N. D.	Tearman, Ada
Gaylord, Lew	Rankin, McKee	Vane, Alice
Gregory J. C.	Roche, Frank	Wayland, Cora
Hanson, F.	Rogers, Nell,	Ximenes, Jenny
Hughes, Mr.	Ravel, Chas.	
	Stanwood, Harry	

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Oct. 25th, 1869.

"On the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November," the free and enlightened, as well as the unenlightened citizens of this mighty city will have the privilege of voting for the men of their own choice, or the choice of the gentleman who pull the wires and set copies on the slate. For the ensuing week the election promises to be the all-engrossing topic to the exclusion, even, of Jim Fisk, Junior, and brother Hyacinthe, Senior. The strikers and repeaters have already had their orders, and the entire huge political machine will be put in complete running order by the time it is required to set things a-going. Money is more plenty—the market is easy—and already at this early period many a free and independent voter has received the price of his unpurchasable franchise; yea, in some instances, the professional repeater has received his due reward from both parties. Of course, this election excitement must interfere with regular amusements; in fact, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 27th, the Democratic party promise us a grand free show on a very extensive scale, in the shape of a torch-light procession, when the ward making the best di-play is to receive a premium of one thousand dollars, "and no questions asked." Tammany will be a blaze of glory on that occasion, and Fourteenth-street—the great centre of amusements—will be the Mecca to which all devout and benevolent political sight-seers and stump-speech hearers will make a pilgrimage. As we say in the classics, may the best ward win, and may we be there to see. "Jimmy, has the machine got over the sprain she met with some time ago?" "As we say in the classics, she's still indisposed, but not fatally disjinted. Shall I try her?" "Give her a turn on the election campaign."

FREEMEN, AROUSE.

Oh, freemen, look here, the day is a-breakin'
And election is comin' around
Then gird up your arms, and don't be a shakin'
Your foot on the cool, frozen ground.
Awake, noble lunchers; awake from your slumber,
Dost not see the man with the chips?
Eternal vigilance the price of liberty is—
As is oft heard from other men's lips.

Oh, what are yer doin', you men of the people,
Oh, what are yer lavin' for now?
Swel lager and pretzel are waitin' yer coming—
Oh, come up and vote, anyow.
Then merry, free hearts, awake from yer slumbers,
Yer choice there is waitin' for thee.
See, the man of our choice is surely a-coming;
Let's a jolly hoorah give for he.

Rise early, vote often—let this be yer creed,
Ye noble and ravenous souls—
With one voice shout aloud, "hurray for Jim Fisk,"
And then you may go in your holes.
Oh, what is the week as to put in a vote
For the choice what comes down with the dough;
Then up there my freemen stand ist by your boots,
And the feeble opponent lay low.

.....It is difficult at times to prevail upon those old ladies to visit theatres, circuses, or nigger minstrels; they have a kind of hankerin', as is but natural, to see and hear what is going on in this wicked world, for you all know that this sinful flesh is weak, as well as unreliable, but they would no more be seen in an "ornery show shop," as a well-meaning sister expressed it, than they would do without a cup of "nice, strong tea." Sometimes wicked sons "play points" on their unconscious mothers, and by stratagem succeed in inveigling them into those places "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," so to speak as it were. Now, there's Jake Johnson, for instance. Jake is a rounder himself; he's about as wicked and pernicious as they make 'em; but he's got an all-fired pious mother; she's got it *awful*. She had never been to New York, so at Jake's pressing invitation—"to humor the poor boy," as she said—she consented to accompany Jake to the metropolis. The evening after their arrival she desired "the poor boy" to accompany her to meeting; but Jake was'nt on it—he did'nt know a church from a railroad depot; but he said he would put her through—and he did. The old lady got herself up in orthodox style:—specks, hymn book, testament and umbrella; and, thus accoutred, she and her "poor boy" started off to meetin'. Jake made his way straight for the Old Bowerry, where they were playing "Jack Sheppard," "Forty Thieves" and other moral productions, and having secured a couple of tickets, Jacob and the elder entered the meetin' room. "They hain't like our churches," the old lady remarked, as she seated herself in the dress circle; "I never seed so many galleries in all my born days." It was early yet, and she had ample opportunity to look around at the church and see the congregation as they came in. Jake was almost dead trying to keep from laughing, the wicked scamp, although we must do him the justice to say that he held her testament and umbrella, and even volunteered to find the hymn when the preacher gave it out. "Grammany, what a large congregation! What denomination is it, Jacob?" "Methodist." "I jest thought as much, because the people seem to take whatever seats they come to." "Yes," said Jake, "the seats are free—that's why I like to come here." "But how noisy they are up in that highest gallery. I wonder the sextint doesn't speak to 'em." "They're the regular members up there, the amen people, and do you see right up there in the corner? Well, that's the sinners' corner. Oh, they do things right in New York churches, I bet yer." "Is them there all members?" asked Mrs. Johnson, pointing down to the parquet. "Most of 'em," responded Jake. "Gracious, they wouldn't let 'em wear so many flowers, and ribbons, and jewelry in *our* churches, *I* know. Some of 'em look real *brazen*, too; but I 'spose it's the fashion in York. Dear, dear, wont they never get fixed up in that sinners' corner. I wonder I don't think they ought to have sinners' corners in churches, I don't. They don't allow anything of that kind where I come from." "They *have* to have 'em here," says Jake, "because we have more sinners here." This seemed to ease the old lady's mind, and, as she gave her specks a fresh wipe, and adjusted them on her weather-beaten nose, she remarked:—"I don't see no pull pitt. Jacob, where is the pull pitt? or does he preach from the sinners' corner?" "The pull pitt," returned the wicked Jacob, "must be behind that curtain you see there." "Sakes alive, what's that, Jacob?" The gods in the gallery were making a break for them to "joist that rag." "Them's the late comers hurrying up stairs—they *always* make just such a noise, the late comers do." "Where's the sextient, then? I don't see what *he's* about; and why don't the deacons help him, I wonder? Grammany, what a noise!" Another break from the late comers, and cries of "Hay, hay! hist that rag!" "What's he that he see, Jacob?" "That's the sextint yelling 'em to stop that noise." "Oh, I'm glad of that." Just then the orchestra struck up. "I like organs in churches; some doesn't have 'em, but I never did see anything agin 'em." As the orchestra warmed up, the gods in the upper gallery caught up the strain, and joined in with a will. "That's the choir, is it? Jacob, *I* didn't hear 'em give out any hymn. Who give it out?" "That's only a voluntary before commencing the regular service." "Oh, well, it's a very pooty voluntary, but don't you think it an odd tune for a church?" "It *is* odd, but they have to give 'em something like it down here. The congregation likes something with spirit in it." "And, Jacob, I really bleeve they're doin' in up there in the sinners' corner." "Yes, they take a hand in occasionally; but see here, there goes the curtain, and now we'll see the pull pitt." And, sure enough, the curtain went up, and the old lady's hands went up in holy horror as she saw the stage, the scenery and the actors. Casting a withering look upon her hopeful son she said:—"Jacob, you scamp, you've brought me to a play house; and if it wasn't for fear of disturbin' the congregation I'd go right out." It is needless to say that the old lady saw the whole thing out, but she never forgave Jacob for the innocent little deception he practiced upon her.....Taking about progressions and memorials and all that, as we were thinking it about time that some one acquainted with such matters should get up a memorial festival in honor of the much-talked-of "dramatic revival," along comes our irrepressible friend, Julius Cæsar Hannibal, tragedian, intent upon "breaking ground" in Central Park for a statue to himself and Shakspeare—the expense thereof to be defrayed out of the proceeds of his future engagements. All the friends of the drama, we are happy to record, rallied about him at once on hearing of the project, and some absolutely shed tears because they were not allowed to contribute. Mr. John Brougham, who had kindly accepted the appointment of orator of the day (by some regarded as a suspicious circumstance), thought the privilege of paying for the celebration should have been conceded to the profession, and felt sure that no objection would have been made to devoting the *surplus funds* of the Theatrical Society for that purpose. Last Thursday being regarded as a day congenial to the project, a numerous procession started from Thalian Hall, on the eastern side, the order of march being as follows:—

Squad of Policemen clearing the way
Music—Band of Niblo's.
Members of Dramatic Fund, "in come-ous array."
The Honorable Order of Elks, on deers borrowed from Central Park and preceded by banner representing "Falstaff horsed."
Theatric Army
In costume of the middle ages, bearing banners inscribed:—
"Formosa." "Hooray for the Legitimate!"
"The Tempest." "The Queen of Hearts"
"Wip Wan Winkle." "Streets of New York,"
"Sam." "King's Musketeers." "Satan."
Music—Band of Grand Opera
The "Early Village Cock" doing a salutation to the morn"—on a pole.
Ariel—*pose plastique*—on one of Mr. Lent's painted horses.
Signor Rizarelli doing the *Perche Perdevse.*
Music—Band of Tammany.
Mr. James Mace as Aspic defying the critics.
Prominent Members of the Histrionic Profession, in the characters of Shakespeare, acting as body-guard to Julius Cæsar Hannibal, Attired as Shakespeare!
The Orator of the Day, in his sleeves emblematic of Industry).
More Banners:—
"The Coming Pantomime," "Richard III. Travesty," &c.
More Music.
Fisk, Joon'or on a Grand Charger
Terpsichore's Old Tig te—on a pole—worn four hundred consecutive nights to be used in the next season.
Statues of Daddy Rice and Dan Bryant, kindly loaned by Broadway cigar stores.
Bust of Boucicault, as the Genius of the Legitimate.
Busted Actors.
Actors on a Bust in Consequence.
Banner—"Othello's Occupation's all Right!!"
Relics in a Case, including the original Toga in which Forrest used to rehearse his parts; Shoes with which Rat-mun used to salute impertinent critics; Costume and the Bowery Theatre, worn by sixteen hundred different actors, regular, for two thirds of a century.
Copy of the Legitimate Drama—on a pole.
Mr. Irving's Head—on a pole.
"Laugh r—holding both his sides."
Emblematic Figure of "Progress," riding backward on a hass, with the tail or a bridle.
Statue of G. L. Fox from the iron of the Olympic.
The Honorable Guild of Authors—in a clean carriage—from modesty.
Members of the musical profession, headed by Max Maretzek, blowing his own horn.
Bohemian Critics—Blowing other People's Horns.
More of Fisk Joonior
"Mary Warner" on a White Horse
Hanky Panky distributing hundred dollar greenbacks, and things.
"Winter's Tale," *a la Tribune.*
Free Lunchers, *a la carte* and Horse, with
Banner—"We are not for a day but for all time."
Receiving Reserved—with tears drawn by "East Lynne."
Music—Tammany Brass Band.
Charles O'Malley and his Falconer Mounted on a live Dragon.
A "Fire Fly," illuminated by Lotta.
Tony Pastor's Congress Opera with
Banner—"It is good to be us."
Ooffy Goofi and Sharley Valking Ub Broadway.
Seventh Regiment Full Band:
"Dixie" "Yankee Jim"
And his Poetic Machine, with
Banner—"After Me the Flood."

The unwonted occurrence got noised about, in spite of the malice of the reporters, who affected to ignore it, having been sold that way once before, and a crowd collected which would have been larger if each theatre had not established a ticket seller at each gate. The proceedings were characterized with much spirit, beginning with the Anvil Chorus—finely rendered by the Varman Kreutzer Sangerbund. Mr. Julius Cæsar Hannibal having elevated himself to the pedestal intended for the "statly," in response to loud cheers, delivered the introductory speech, in which he congratulated the public in emphatic terms upon the remarkable spread of the legitimate drama during the past twelve months as evinced in the complete surrendering of the stage to the works of genius—such as Shakespeare, Knowles, Otway, Sheridan, Massinger, etc. and the total exclusion of trash and sham sensation, and himself upon the overwhelming fortune which he had been enabled to accumulate. There being no statute to christen as yet, Julie smashed a bottle of lager over the bust of Schiller, which, he said, was next to Shakespeare, and then subsided to give place to—Mr. Brougham, who said that he was glad to meet his friends on this—a—auspicious occasion, which had brought together so many—a—patrons of the drama pure and undefined (looking at crowd of check grubbers beneath him). He was rejoiced to see that they were not going to shake Shakesy just yet, and hoped the present glorious state of affairs would continue. For himself, he would shortly endeavor to cast a "Red Ligh" upon the subject, and closed with a brief announcement to that effect, of course not by way of advertisement! A variety of divertisements were then given, in which Mlle. Sangan, looking her prettiest, introduced a *pas seul* from the "Tempest" at the Grand Opera House (not the financial one), and, after another chorus, the numerous multitude adjourned to banish the day in the various restaurations adjoining.

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"ENOCH ARDEN"—Mr. Arthur Matthison's version—continues the attraction on Saturday evenings at Booth's Theatre.

J. M. FREEMAN, pantomimist and character actor, of Niblo's Garden and the Tammany, can be engaged about the end of Dec. Address as per advertisement.

MONS. LA THORNE, who left this city on July 12th, for a tour of England, arrived in this city on the 21st inst.

THE GREGORY FAMILY left for California on the 24th instant, overland, under a three months' engagement to Mr. Smith, of the Alhambra Theatre, San Francisco.

HART PALMER sailed for Eng and on the 23d instant, by the new steamer France, Capt. Grogan, the next largest to the Great Eastern afloat.

ANNIE BROWNE, the eldest daughter of George F. and Louisa Browne, was married at the residence of her parents, in Mott Haven, on the 21st inst., to a young man of this city.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the places of amusement in this city for the month of September, as returned to the different assessors, are as follows:—

Booth's Theatre	$49,144	Grand Opera House	$11,893
Niblo's Garden	25,595	Wood's Museum	11,117
Wallack's Theatre	24,81[illegible]	Bowery Theatre	8,747
Olympic	20 991	Tony Pastor's	7 634
New York Circus	2[illegible]35	Stadt Theatre	7,573
Tammany	18,609	Bryant's Minstrels	3,722
San Francisco Minstrels	14,078	Academy of Music	3,491
Fifth Avenue Theatre	11,931	Theatre Comique	2,209

The returns for the San Francisco Minstrels include the month of June and the last night in August.

VIOLA CROCKER BARRETT died suddenly, in this city, at Maillard's Hotel, on the 20th inst. The coroner held an inquest on the body on the 21st, and it was stated that she died of hernia. This lady was well known in Philadelphia and Brooklyn as Viola Crocker, having played for some time in those cities. She was born in Philadelphia, in 1840, and was the daughter of John Crocker, and niece of Mrs. D. P. Bowers and Mrs. F. B. Conway. Her first appearance on the stage was on Jan. 8th, 1855, as Puck in "Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Walnut Street Theatre. She remained in Philadelphia for some time, and afterwards married Joseph H. Barrett. They traveled together for several seasons, and were at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, with Mrs. Conway, for one or two seasons, and appeared at the Newark, N. J., Theatre when Mr. Waller opened there for the season. She then remained idle for a while, when she separated from her husband and went to San Francisco, under engagement to her brother-in-law, Larry Barrett, of the California Theatre. She opened there, but, owing to certain circumstances, she did not succeed and returned from California a few weeks ago and took up her residence in this city and died as stated above. Her husband Joseph Barrett, is at present in the asylum, in Philadelphia.

FALCONER'S dramatization of "Charles O'Malley," from Lever's popular romance, was produced at the Grand Orera House on the 18th inst., before a large audience, and it is the only thing that has yet succeeded in attracting a succession of crowded houses at this establishment. Not only has the house been filled, but on several occasions it was crowded. This is, indeed, an artistic triumph of which Mr. Falconer should be proud. The piece is a good one of its kind, and has been very well placed upon the stage, the third act being quite an effective one, for therein is introduced a brass band and quite a number of dragoons on real horses. The scene altogether is a novel one. Some of the characters are well acted and some of them badly. Mr. Falconer cannot play an Irishman, or, if he can, he does not do justice to the *role* of Mickey Free. He is altogether too slow, infusing not a whit of the true Irish character into the part, which is a good one, and, in the hands of a lively Irish representative, would be the feature of the piece. He has humor, but it is in the wrong vein. Mr. Loveday did very well in his character, particularly in the scene for the ladies. Mr. James H. Taylor was very artificial as Charles O'Malley. Annie De Land as Lucy Dashwood, and Lisa Weber as her maid, were pretty good. This piece will hold the boards for three weeks longer, when the Richings English Opera Troupe open an engagement.

P. S. CHANFRAU terminated his two weeks' engagement at the French Theatre on the 23d inst. Mr. C. W. Taylenre will shortly re-open with the "London Sensation."

POOLE'S BURLESQUE OF "FORMOSA," produced at Tony Pastor's Opera House on the 18th inst., is one of the most laughable extravaganzas that has yet emanated from the prolific pen of that author. Tony Pastor as Tom Burroughs, Addie Le Brun as The Earl of Eden, and G. W. Thompson as Kerr, were very good, while T. G. Riggs' make-up for Formosa was excellent, and his performance was funny enough to excite the envy of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. This is a local drama by Poole called "The Ship Girl" will be performed.

THE SPANISH GYMNASTS called Espinosa and Rodrigues, lately arrived from Havana, are announced to appear at the New York Circus this evening in an aerial act called "Le Escalera" which means, we suppose, the "L'Eschelle." In addition to these gentleman, the regular company will appear in a varied programme, including Joe Pentland, who was well received on his re-appearance last week. This house has been very good since the opening, excepting on one or two occasions when the weather was bad. The *matinees* are largely attended.

MR. DALY has been presenting a most attractive programme to the patrons of the Fifth Avenue Theatre the past week, when Mrs. Scott Siddons and Clara Jennings alternated the parts of Rosalind and Celia. In "As You Like It," the best part of the week to a succession of the most fashionable audiences seen in such a theatre in this country. In fact we do not recollect when we have before witnessed such fashionable attendances at any place of amusement, not even the opera. This week will be devoted to Shakespeare and Colley Cibber, as "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," and "She Would and She Would Not," will be presented. The attendance has been quite large of late, and Mr. Daly has established himself as a manager.

"FORMOSA" is to be brought out at the Bowery Theatre this evening, by permission of the management of Niblo's Garden, with the same effects as at that establishment.

CAROLINA LA COSTE, Ida De Vere and Mons. Wiethoff, appear at the Waverley this week.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE has been crowded every night, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, the *matinees* on the 23d inst. being the largest of any place of amusement in the city. Under Robert Butler's management it has jumped into popularity, and, by keeping up a succession of good performers, there is no reason why business should not continue great, for it is now the only down town place of amusement. James H. Taylor is in his last week at this house. A number of fresh faces put in an appearance this week.

THE MINSTRELS.—The San Francisco and the Bryants continue to be largely attended at their respective halls; and the rushing off at all times of places of amusement has not in a like manner affected them. While the San Francisco boys are convulsing with laughter crowded audiences night after night, the hall of Bryant's Minstrels is not only crowded every night, but on many occasions camp stools are placed in the aisles. About six months ago the cry among many performers, a number of whom were minstrel representatives, was that minstrelsy was fast dying out. How true this is its present popularity will tell. We doubt if minstrelsy will ever die. It may have its occasional droops, like all amusements, but like base ball it is a national amusement, and so long as such fun y fellows as Billy Birch, Dan Bryant, Charley Backus and a few others rattle the bones and tambourine on the ends, and tell such funny "goaks," and we hear such sweet ballads as some of the minstrels give us, just so long will Ethiopian minstrelsy be popular.

LEWIS J. DONNELLY, well known in the profession as a *ballet* master, died in this city at the residence of his sister, in Third avenue, on the 26th inst., after a short illness. He was at one time connected with Buckley's Serenaders, and his last engagement was at the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

MRS. ELIZABETH WHITE WILLIAMS, mother of Charley White, the well known Ethiopian comedian, and at present manager of the Waverley Theatre, died in this city on the 23d inst. Her funeral will take place on the 26th inst. from Mr. White's residence, and the remains will be interred in Greenwood.

MR. HERRMAN, having recovered from his late indisposition, will give one more entertainment on the 30th inst., at the Academy of Academy of Music.

PRISCILLE WESTERN opened at Niblo's Garden, on the 18th inst., in "East Lynne," impersonating the dual *role*, supported by Charles R. Thorne, Jr., as Sir Francis Levison, J. A. Hearn as Archibald Carlyle, Mrs. M. A. Bradshaw as Mrs. Corney and Emma Skerrett as Barbara. This piece kept the bills throughout the week to a fair business only. This week she appears as Nancy Sykes, in "Oliver Twist," and W. H. Whalley, of the Old Bowery, will appear as Fagan.

LOTTA opens her engagement of six weeks, at Niblo's Garden, on Nov. 1st.

THE COLLECTION OF WILD ANIMALS intended for Wood's Museum is the one that has been traveling with Yankee Robinson's Menagerie and Circus, and will be safely caged by the close of the current week, and will be ready for public inspection on Nov. 1st, in that portion of the Museum building which fronts on Thirtieth street, which Manager Wood has given a thorough overhauling and fitted up expressly for the comfort as well as safety of the animals in case of fire, as they will be in cages on the ground floor and can be run out into the street in five minutes. Every precaution has been taken to guard against such an accident. On the second floor will be the collection of birds, the Happy Family cage and smaller animals and other live curiosities. The entrance to this department is directly behind the stairs on the right of the main entrance to the Museum proper.

JOSEPH FOSTER'S spectacle, which has been in preparation at Niblo's Garden, for some time, will follow Lotta's engagement.

"THE STREETS OF NEW YORK" has but a few more nights performance at the Olympic, as it will be withdrawn about the middle of next week for the production of Mr. Holston's London domestic drama, in which Mr. W. Holston will play the principal character. J. B. Studley and Minnie Jackson have characters in it.

CHARLEY WHITE re-opened the Waverley Theatre on the 18th inst., with a variety company consisting of a limited number of good performers. Charley White is a host in himself, which may be Charley's reason for not opening with a stronger company, but however good one performer may be, he cannot expect to give the whole show. Mr. White appeared in two double acts, viz., "Black Blunders," which is a rehash of "Handy Andy," and in Andy Leavitt's sketch of "A Big Mistake," in both of which Mr. W. was received with well merited applause for his eccentricities, as well as original and witty himself, he would shortly endeavor to cast a "Red Ligh" upon the subject, and closed with a brief announcement to that effect, of course not by way of advertisement! A variety of divertisements were then given, in which Mlle. Sangan, looking her prettiest, introduced a *pas seul* from the "Tempest" at the Grand Opera House (not the financial one), and, after another chorus, the numerous multitude adjourned to banish the day in the various restaurations adjoining.

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welcome her. On Thursday evening she again Boucicaulted her friends, this time as Arrah Meelish, in 'Arrah na Pogue.' Besides her own there were four well acted characters in this drama—the Fanny Power, of Ciara Morris; Col. O'Grady, of Whiting; Seamish McCoul of Gothhold, and Shaun of Locke. On Friday evening, for her benefit, Augustin Daly's new piece, the 'Red Ribbon,' was put on, with the *beneficiaire* as Rhoda, in which she personates five characters. Gothhold played Attago; Whiting, Orsini; Church, Gen. O'Donnell, and Lock, John Peter Pax, with Mrs. Fisher as the Countess Orsini. The fair actress has been fortunate enough to draw uniform good houses, and is an effective, agreeable little actress.....Leffingwell's Burlesque Combination succeeded Collins at the National, opening in Craven's new comedy of 'Billiards,' with the Leffingwell in his role of Sam Sample, the Billiard Sharpe, supported by Bell Howitt as Joanna, and Millie Sackett as Caroline Curdle. The piece ran till Thursday, and proved to be a clever stage play, with, however, no very brilliant literary merit. Leffingwell's character differs from his ordinary *roles*, and served to exhibit his versatility. On Thursday evening the troupe appeared in 'Cinderella,' with Leffingwell in his well known specialty of Clorinda. Millie Sackett as Cinderella, Bell Howitt as Prince Poppetti, and Mrs. Leffingwell as Dandini. On Friday, for his benefit, 'Cinderella' and 'Romeo Jaffer Jenkins' were on the bill. The company is as good a burlesque one as has visited Porkopolis this season and has drawn very fairly.

JOHN F. BREYER is said to have paid cash for a beautiful farm of one hundred and sixty acres, situated on Lee Inlet river, Lee county, Ia. A wise provision for future years.

PLUNKETT'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, with John F. Breyer as leading man and John Dillon as comedian, played at Dixon, Ill., the past week, and were to open in Clinton, Iowa, on the 25th.

THE WILLIAMSES are at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., this week.

DE GROAT'S COMPANY open in Columbus, Ohio, on Nov. 1st, for six nights.

"FOR MOSA," a new burlesque, can be had of John F. Poole, whose address find in another column.

KATE REIGNOLDS will shortly appear at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore.

"AFTER DARK" was announced for production at the Holliday Street Theatre Baltimore, on the 25th inst.

KATIE PUTNAM, supported by a dramatic company, closed a good engagement in Quincy, Ill., on the 23d inst. Our correspondent, "Frank," says:—"Mr. O. H. Barr, who has lately joined the company, is a clever actor, as is E. A. McDowel and J. H. Burnett. Mary McWilliams takes well in the character of an old woman. Bell Rennick has done well in all the different characters she has represented. The 'Little Treasure' was presented on Oct. 19th, with 'Solon Shingle' as the afterpiece. 'The Lady of Lyons' is offered for the 20th, to be followed by the 'Invisible Prints' on the 21st. The extravaganza called 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold' will be given on the 22d and 23d. The company leave here and open in Galesburgh, Ill., for a week, commencing on the 25th inst. The following persons are with the troupe:—Mary McWilliams, Edwin Browne, manager; W. R. Gray, stage manager; Katie Putnam, E. A. McDowell, O. H. Barr, T. J. Langdon, J. H. Burnett, W. E. Parker, J. H. Rennie, J. A. Barvarat, E. Morrison, P. Johnson, Bell Rennick, Emma Stowe, Frankie Howard, Master Rodney, Prof. Andre and Prof. J. Friburg."

JOHN T. FORD'S COMPANY returned to Richmond, Va., on Oct. 18th, and opened in "Hamlet," when Frank Mayo gave an impersonation of Hamlet. Our correspondent, "J. B. R.," says:—"His conception of the *role* pleased very much and he was twice called before the curtain. Laertes was entrusted to W. H. Crisp, jr., who appeared, for the first time in this city. This gentleman did well, save that he is a little too ambitious. He is young and has a fine figure, and dresses very well. The King and Queen, by Mr. Anderson and Mrs. Preston, were but passable. Louisa Hawthorne's Ophelia was an artistic performance. The rest of the company were poor. 'Richelieu' was performed on the 19th. Frank Mayo gave us another proof of his versatility. He was rather stiff and too young looking for the old Cardinal. It was noticeable that he entirely omitted the cough of the crafty statesman. His support was, with one or two exceptions, poor. Julie de Mortimer, by Miss Hawthorne, was an admirable piece of acting. On the 20th, 'the managerial presented 'Richard III,' and a crowded house greeted its performance. Mr. Mayo, as the pitiless and ambitious Duke of Gloster, was a remarkable personation. It is the best that has been seen here for some years. Miss Alexander as Lady Anne was good, the other ladies were passable. King Henry by Mr. Varrey and Buckingham by Mr. Crisp were fair; the Lord Mayor of London was a burlesque. Mr. Mayo left for New Orleans on the 21st, and 'School' was rendered in a capital manner without him. The house was slim. The Lord Beaufoy of Mr. Crisp was good, and Mr. Wood as Jack Poyntz won golden opinions and thunders of applauses. The ladies were excellent. To-night (22d) we had 'Dot' and 'Rough Diamond.' The performance throughout was poor. Miss Saville alone redeeming the representation with a bitter insipidity. It is to be regretted that we have not seen this talented little lady more than we have. We hope to see her again soon. To-morrow (23d) the management will present 'Horse Shoe Robinson,' and the season will close. Next (this week) we will have a German Dramatic Company. The agent of the French Opera Troupe was here on the 21st and endeavored to make arrangements with Mr. Ford for a season of three nights, but failed, Mr. Ford refusing for pecuniary reasons."

EDWIN FORREST was the attraction at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., the past week, opening in "Hamlet" on the 18th to a fair but not crowded house. He was well supported by Walter Grisdale as the Ghost, Mrs. E. T. Stetson as the Queen, Wm. Harris as Laertes, and Miss Lillie as Ophelia. On the 19th "King Lear" was presented; 20th, 'Virginius;' 21st, "Othello," and for his benefit and last appearance, on the 21st, "Jack Cade." Our correspondent, "Mose," says:—"In the last three pieces Mr. Forrest appeared to advantage. Mr. Forrest's engagement in this city was anything but a success, with the exception of his benefit night when the house was crowded in every part. His engagement last winter in this city was a perfect ovation, standing room being at a premium, both up and down stairs, during his stay. To support Mr. Forrest received from the stock company was bad. 'Virginius' came very near being murdered by the company, several of the leading members knowing scarcely a line of their parts. W. M. Foster was cast as King Appius, and L. H. Everitt as Lucius, neither one of whom were perfect in their parts, and between the two stood the prompter with book in hand, in full view of the audience, prompting both. It was very fortunate that Mr. Forrest had with him Wm. Harris, a most excellent actor, and Miss Lillie, to take the principal characters. The stock company will have to do a great deal better than they have done of late if they expect to play to full houses. I understand that Mr. Forrest is under engagement with manager Van Arnum, to appear in Glens Falls, N. Y., Rutland, Vt., and Albany next (this) week, supported by the stock company of the Opera House."

FOSTER WOOD CUTS, in colors, of Bouclicault and Byron's new play of "Lost at Sea," can be furnished by the Philadelphia *Ledger* job office, who have received proofs of the principal scenes from London in advance of the production of the play here. For particulars see advertisement.

ANNIE FANNIN, *soubrette*, advertises that she is prepared to negotiate with responsible managers.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., are in need of talent and are prepared to attend to the wants of managers. For further particulars read their advertisements.

E. L. DAVENPORT is in the second week of his engagement at the Park Theatre Brooklyn, appearing on the 25th in his play of "F; or Branded."

MAGGIE MITCHELL plays the "Pearl of Savoy" at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on the 27th inst.

A VALUABLE WARDROBE SPOILED.—In the journey by rail from New York to San Francisco, a magnificent wardrobe valued at $3,000, the property of Mrs. W. J. Florence, was utterly ruined. Costly lace shawls, rich silk and satin dresses of the latest fashion known to the Paris an *modistes* were rendered worthless by the muddy waters of the rivers crossed *en route*. A claim for damages was made, and, we understand, promptly satisfied by the company after careful and competent appraisement.

NEIL WARNER opened a five night's engagement at the Academy of Music, Omaha, on the 18th, in 'Macbeth,' supported by Cordelia Cappell as Lady Macbeth, followed on the 19th by 'Richelieu,' Miss Cappell as Julie, and he was to give during the week, 'Hamlet,' 'Ingomar' and 'Richard III." G. W. Mitchell has assumed the stage management in place of T. E. Mills, who still remains in the company. Sam Hubbard is not acting at present..... Elise Holt and Harry Wall, who are on their way from California, will appear at the Academy of Music for the 23d in the burlesque of "Lucrezia Borgia."

MLLE. ZOE will give four entertainments in Harrisburgh, Pa., on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th inst., introducing for the first time in that city her play of "Joan of Arc."

C. E. BIDWELL'S company closed a five-nights' stay in Plymouth, Mass., on the 22d, and opened in Lowell on the 23d, and were to go thence to Lawrence on the 25th, for five nights, returning to Lowell for the 30th and opening in Haverhill on November 1st, for five nights.

HERNDON LESLIE'S company closed in Rutland, Vt., on the 23d instant, in the "Octoroon," with Ida Leslie as Zoe, Dora Sunnyside by Mrs. T. J. Herndon, Miss Peyton by Miss Alfy Chippendale, Salem Scudder by T. J. Herndon, Wahnotee by Mr. N. J. Leslie, and Old Pete by A. R. Phelps. They were to open in Montpelier on the 25th with "London Assurance."

THE MORLACCHI BALLET TROUPE closed a six-nights' engagement at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 23d instant. Pecuniarily it was not a success. Our correspondent says:—"Her play of 'Plamella' has some good points in it, but needs considerable weeding to make it popular. Kate Reignolds holds the boards next (this) week, after Mr. Edwin Forest appears."

Musical.

THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE, New Orleans, La., is expected to open on or about the 10th of November, with two of the largest and finest troupes that have appeared in that city since the war. The companies as organized contain some fifty persons, among which are the names of several distinguished artists and graduates from the Academie Imperiale, Grand Opera, Opera les Italiens, Opera Comique, and Theatre Lyrique, Paris, and other celebrated opera houses in Brussels, Strasbourg and Rouen. The following are the names of those engaged in leading business:—M. Michot, first tenor, grand opera; M. Ketton, first light tenor, opera comique; M. Kollets, and Julien, second tenors; M. Dumestrei, first baritone; M. Pauliny, second; M. Depassio, first basso, grand opera; M. Respand, second basso for grand opera, and first for opera comique; Mme. Clarissa Arnal, first *donna* for grand opera; Mmes. Caroline Zeiss and Mathilde Dupuis, both *donna* for grand opera and opera comique and Mmes. Dumestres and Bassere, respectively first and second *dames* for grand and other light parts. The *ballet* will be under the direction of M. Charles Jean, with Mmes. Pancaide as *premiere danseuse*, Maria Kelit as second and character *danseuse*, assisted by Fanny Esparvier as second *danseuse*. The dramatic company for vaudevilles and comedies is fully organized, with M. Berthal as leading gent; M. Carol and Julien as second gents; Selina as first old man; Mesrs. Gullier, Bonnet and Gilbert as comedians; Mad. Marie Legros, leading lady, assisted by Madames Angele and Gay as second ladies; Blondelet as first old women; Marie Henry, first juvenile, and Emelie Bassiere and Marguerite Villiers as *soubrettes*. The minor characters and choruses of all the companies are equally full and strong. The orchestra will be under the direction of M. E. Casabresi, the *chef* of the last two seasons, on opera nights, and under M. Priore on vaudeville nights, and will consist of 42 musicians. The opera for the initial performance has not yet been announced. So writes our correspondent, "Crescent."

THE RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE opened at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 19th inst. Our correspondent, "J. H.," says:—"'Martha' was given on the 19th, with the following strong cast:—Caroline Richings as Lady Harriet, Annie Kemp Bowler as Nancy, Brookhouse Bowler as Lionel, Henry Drayton as Plunkett and James G. Peaks as High Sheriff. All the parts were artistically sustained and the opera was well produced. Caroline Richings sang the 'Last Rose of Summer' exquisitely, which was rapturously *encored*. Mr. Drayton as Plunkett was faultless, and Mr. Bowler as Lionel was all that could be desired. The 'Bohemian Girl' was performed on the 20th, and the audience was even larger than on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Bernard appeared as Arline, and her admirable impersonation of the character evoked the warmest applause. The new tenor, Henry Haigh, made his first appearance here as Thaddeus. He has a full and rich tenor voice, and, although suffering from a severe cold, rendered his part acceptably. Mr. Drayton was fair as Count Arnheim, as was also Mr. Peaks as Devinshoof, and Mr. Birch as Florentine. On the 21st 'Fra Diavolo' was presented to a fine house. Mrs. Bernard was cast as Zerlina. Annie Kemp Bowler as Lady Allcash, Brookhouse Bowler as Fra Diavolo, Henry F. Peaks as Beppo and Henry Drayton as Giacoomo. The performance was excellent, every character being admirably sustained. Field's celebrated character song, 'The Wolf,' was effectively rendered. 'Faust' was announced for Mrs. Bernard's benefit on the 23d, and the Opera House was densely crowded, and standing room was difficult to obtain. On the 23d 'The Bohemian Girl' was performed in the afternoon and 'Crown Diamonds' in the evening, which closes their engagement here."

THE FRENCH OPERA TROUPE, brought to this country by Dryane and Co., and who lately met with a disastrous failure in this city, opened at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 18th inst. Our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"Donizetti's 'Lucie di Lammermoor' was the opening opera of their *repertoire*. On Tuesday evening Meyerbeer's 'Robert Le Diable.' On Wednesday was produced, in splendid style, Halevy's opera of 'Les Mousquetaires de la Reine,' and for the first time in Baltimore. On Thursday, Halevy's 'La Juive' was brought out in fine style and proved to be the most brilliant success of the season, as the spectacles were all magnificently mounted and the music given with an inspiring effect. 'Mousquetaires de la Reine' drew a fashionable audience and was thoroughly enjoyable."

THE MINNESOTA STATE MUSICAL CONVENTION is to be held at Minneapolis Opera House, Nov. 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th. B. F. Baker, of Boston, conductor.

MESSRS. MUNGER & SEAGER, of St. Paul, have been giving concerts in Stillwater and Hudson, on the St. Croix river.

OSSIAN E. DODGE has been concertising in Minnesota.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, vocalists and Swiss bell ringers, piloted by their veteran agent, D. G. Waldron, opened and dedicated Rudolph's Opera Hall, Decoran, Iowa, Oct. 18th. The railroad is just completed to this flourishing inland town. The company are billed for the Opera House, St. Paul, Minn., commencing Oct. 27th, from thence they go as far northwest as Mankato, St. Peters, La Suer and St. Cloud, on the Mississippi river.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, of Boston, are announced to shortly appear at Minneapolis and St. Paul Opera Houses.

FIRST AND SECOND VIOLINISTS are wanted by Wilks' Minstrels. See advertisement.

JOHN W. GAUL, a well known musician, and who gained quite a reputation in Philadelphia, some years ago, as a bugle player, died at his residence in West Philadelphia, on the 16th inst., in the 49th year of his age.

PROF. R. W. SEAGER, ballad singer, is giving concerts in the larger cities of Minnesota.

A MR. AND MRS. DRAKE gave a concert in Rochester, Minnesota, recently, and the State Fair Executive Committee gave the lady a silver medal for being the best singer in Minnesota.

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OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT discourseth as follows:—"The leading event in the variety line here was the opening of the Academy of Music, on Fourth street, under the managment of H. W. Collins. There were several disappointments. Frank Pell, Bowman and Harris and others who had been relied on, failed to come to time, and the opening was postponed from Monday to Thursday, on which evening the house opened to a rather slender audience, though a brass band had paraded the streets in a car of triumph, to let the people know the good things in store for them. There was too little advertising. The company is as follows:—Jim Wood and Charles Madden on the ends, with J. B. Jackson as interlocutor; N. B. Shimer, song and dance, and a good general performer; Misses Maggie Mayling, Lizzie Jackson, and Maggie Clark, vocalists; Nellie Raymond and Miss St. George, *danseuses;* Master Willie, song and dance boy, and Signor Frank, Indian club artist. The company is fair, no less than fourteen being in the opening part. The theatre is a beautiful little hall, and all that is needed is patronage—"only that and nothing more," to make the Academy of Music a fixed success. The minstrel entertainment is capped off each evening, with a farce. All things did not seem to move harmoniously among the crew of the new craft, young as it is, for at the close of the first performance, Lizzie Jackson and Maggie Mayling withdrew.....Bix was excellent through the week at the Fourth Street Theatre, and the company has been improved in several respects. R. A. Griffith and Ella Nilson retired, and were replaced by Charley Bartune and Willie Bascure, who have been touring, of late, in Hoosierdom. Professor Mitchell, a very clever magician, has proved an acceptable disturbing element. The can-can is in all its glory here, and, indeed, nowhere else, just at present. Johnny Weaver and May Gifford, a brace of returned Michiganders, open Monday night. Johnnie is thoroughly disgusted with Bay City (*he* spells it Base City), and not being a glutton, he left it when he got enough.....Alabe Race Street Theatre, Aline La Favre disappeared according to announcement, and P. H. Seamon, a very clever ventriloquist, went on instead. In one of his acts—the Peter Hontz Family—he personates half a dozen different characters. Minnie Sherman, the new balladist, has proved a favorite, and is good. Instead of the time-honored can-can, the performances this week have concluded with the farce of 'Langigan's Ball.' ..Dan Connor severed connection with Thayer's Circus at this point, and goes to Meadville, Pa., next (this) week, to join Benjamin's New Orleans Minstrels. .....Frank Pell is the star in a new band playing in Covington and Newport, Ky., this week, under the title of 'Wood and Gaylord's Minstrels.'.....Yale, late proprietor of the theatre in this burgh which went by his name, has organized a company to take to Toledo. Among his artists are R. A. Griffith and Ella Wilson, late of the Fourth Street (this)."

THE VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., is reported to have done a good business of late. Jennie Smith, character vocalist, and her little daughter Vic, are clever; the latter does a number of changes in the Lingard style. P. H. Miles, Jimmy Morris, Jack Reynolds, Ali Miles, Chrissie Morrell, Miss Millie Smith, Charley Kane and Sallie Bruce continue in the company.

AT THE ACADEMY OF FUN, Omaha, Jim Hays, Dutch comedian, who appeared the past week, has become a favorite. The *ballet* of "The Flags of All Nations" is spoken of as a beautiful affair.

THE PAST WEEK is said to have been a successful one for Wild's Varieties, Buffalo, N. Y. Lew Brimmer put in an appearance on the 21st and was well received. Our correspondent, "Variety," says:—"His songs are fresh and racy and no one better understands the use of a banjo than Lew; Annie Braddon is a beautiful singer and pleases the audience; Susie Linden remains as great a favorite as ever, her 'Highland Fling' is well done; Kitty O'Neil and Annie Clare attend to the jig business. The can-can continues to delight, and from present appearances will hold the boards for some time to come."

A FIRST CLASS variety company is wanted for the Haymarket Music Hall, Baltimore, Md. See advertisement.

TALENT is wanted for the Rogers Combination; also a leader of orchestra. Address as per advertisement.

THE BALTIMORE VARIETIES, Baltimore, Md., is advertised for sale. The manager states that it is a first class concert hall and is newly fitted up.

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WHILE the theatres in Boston are all complaining of bad business, the Howard Athenæum continues turning people away nearly every night, with a corresponding rush the 23d inst.—"The extra attractions at the Howard Athenæum the past week were Rita Percy, the draped statuary performer, and Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Brennan, serio comic vocalists. Miss Percy's pictures were a great feature and never failed receiving a hearty *encore*, 'Flora,' 'Hope,' 'Hebe,' 'Ireland' and 'Columbia,' being especially well received. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan are versatile and talented, and the 26th inst. Cool Burgess was unable to appear, owing to the dangerous illness of his wife; Johnny Hart and Add Ryman appeared, while Rollin Howard did double duty. The rivalry between Mlle. Bertha and Betty Rigi for public favor, in their terpsichorean displays, has been quite an exciting affair. Mlle. Bonfoni, Harry Gurr and the Rizarelli Brothers are to appear on the 25th inst."

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, Ohio, H. W. Eagan took a benefit on the 15th inst. It is understood that the National Opera House will be re-opened shortly.

OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT discourseth as follows:—"The leading event in the variety line here was the opening of the Academy of Music, on Fourth street, under the managment of H. W. Collins. There were several disappointments. Frank Pell, Bowman and Harris and others who had been relied on, failed to come to time, and the opening was postponed from Monday to Thursday, on which evening the house opened to a rather slender audience, though a brass band had paraded the streets in a car of triumph, to let the people know the good things in store for them. There was too little advertising. The company is as follows:—Jim Wood and Charles Madden on the ends, with J. B. Jackson as interlocutor; N. B. Shimer, song and dance, and a good general performer; Misses Maggie Mayling, Lizzie Jackson, and Maggie Clark, vocalists; Nellie Raymond and Miss St. George, *danseuses;* Master Willie, song and dance boy, and Signor Frank, Indian club artist. The company is fair, no less than fourteen being in the opening part. The theatre is a beautiful little hall, and all that is needed is patronage—"only that and nothing more," to make the Academy of Music a fixed success. The minstrel entertainment is capped off each evening, with a farce. All things did not seem to move harmoniously among the crew of the new craft, young as it is, for at the close of the first performance, Lizzie Jackson and Maggie Mayling withdrew.....Bix was excellent through the week at the Fourth Street Theatre, and the company has been improved in several respects. R. A. Griffith and Ella Nilson retired, and were replaced by Charley Bartune and Willie Bascure, who have been touring, of late, in Hoosierdom. Professor Mitchell, a very clever magician, has proved an acceptable disturbing element. The can-can is in all its glory here, and, indeed, nowhere else, just at present. Johnny Weaver and May Gifford, a brace of returned Michiganders, open Monday night. Johnnie is thoroughly disgusted with Bay City (*he* spells it Base City), and not being a glutton, he left it when he got enough.....Alabe Race Street Theatre, Aline La Favre disappeared according to announcement, and P. H. Seamon, a very clever ventriloquist, went on instead. In one of his acts—the Peter Hontz Family—he personates half a dozen different characters. Minnie Sherman, the new balladist, has proved a favorite, and is good. Instead of the time-honored can-can, the performances this week have concluded with the farce of 'Langigan's Ball.' ..Dan Connor severed connection with Thayer's Circus at this point, and goes to Meadville, Pa., next (this) week, to join Benjamin's New Orleans Minstrels. .....Frank Pell is

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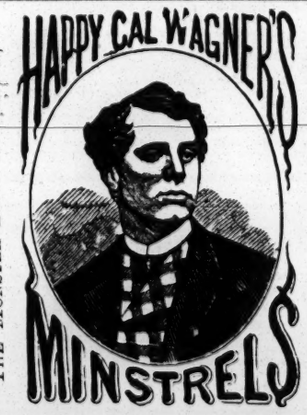

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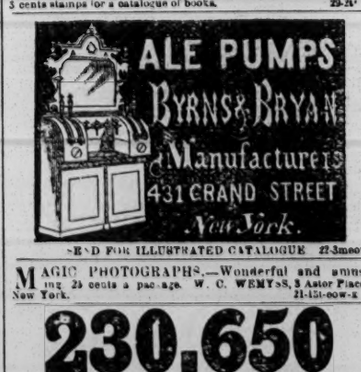

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